

THE  
Amorous Old-vvoman:

OR,  
'Tis VVell if it Take.

---

A  
COMEDY.

ACTED  
By His MAJESTIES Servants.

---

WRITTEN  
By a Person of Honour.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Simon Neale* at the three Pidgeons in *Bedford*  
*street* in *Cowen-Garden*, and *B. Toob* near *York House*  
in the *Strand*. MDCLXXIV.

coll. w. e. g.

THE

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Amoroso Old-Young

OR

It's Well if it Takes

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*John Port. Club*

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LONDON

Printed for Simon York at the three Pigeons in Islington  
Street in Covent Garden, and at the Green near York House  
M.DCC.LXIV



# PROLOGUE

Spoken by Major Mohun.

**P**Oets in Prologues (to cajole the Age)  
Have spent such stocks of flattery upon the stage,  
That 'tis become the hardest part of the Play,  
They've said so much, there's little left to say.  
Yet Criticks, you now Miracles attend,  
As if Wits Treasurie cou'd know no end.  
Like cruel Landlords, who do never weigh  
Hard times, or damage, when 'tis Quarter day;  
With eager expectation you restrain  
For Wits Excise upon our Poets brain,  
And for a Prologue, you old custom cite;  
They writ with ease who first began to write,  
All fancies then were fresh, all Theams were new;  
Wit's ransack'd now from China, to Peru.  
Nay, here at home, all fancies are as stale,  
Some flatter, some intreat, and others rail;  
And this last Method we must needs confesse,  
Has of all others met the most success;  
But our new Poet dares not take this Course,  
He wou'd intreat, but not your likings force;  
For if your Charity don't help him out,  
He does protest he then must turn Bankrupt;  
Not with design (as knavis Bankers do)  
For he'l not break and then compound with you;  
But fairly to you, his whole interest quid,  
And give you up the forfeit of his Wit.

A second PROLOGUS intended, but  
not spoken.

**H**E who comes hither, with design to kiss,  
And with a bum revers'd to whisper Miss,  
To kemb a Peruke, or to show gay Cloaths,  
Or to vent antique Non sence with new Oaths;  
Our Poet welcomes as the *Muses* Friend,  
For he'll by Irony each Play commend.  
Next him, we welcome such who briskly dine  
At Lockets, at Giraus, or Shattiline;  
Swell'd with Pottage, and the Burgundian Grape,  
They hither come to take a kindly Nap;  
In these our Poet don't conceive much harm,  
For they pay well, and keep our Benches warm;  
And tho' (scarce half awake) some Plays they damn;  
They do't by whole-sale, not by Ounce, and Dram.  
But when fierce Criticks get them in their Clutch,  
They're crueller than the Tyrannick Dutch;  
And with more Art do dislocate each Scene,  
Than in Amboyna they the limbs of Men;  
They rack each line, and ev'ry word unknot,  
As if they'd find a way to cramp all Wit.  
They're the Terrour of all adventures here,  
The very objects of their hate, and fear;  
And like rude Common-wealths they still are knit,  
Gainst English Playes, the Monarchies of Wit.  
Th' invade Poetic licence, and still rail  
At Plays, to which in duty they shou'd vail,  
Yet still th' infest this Coast to Fish for Feasts,  
To suppliment their Wits at City Feasts.  
Thus much for Criticks: To the more generous Wit  
Our Poet frankly does each Scene submit,  
And begs your kind Alliance to engage  
Those Hogen Interlopers of the Stage.

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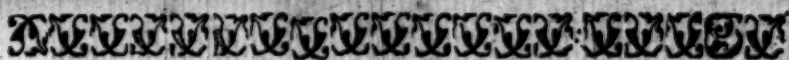
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## Dramatis Personæ.

Honorio <i>in Love with Arabella.</i>	Mr. Lydal.
Amante <i>in Love with Clara.</i>	Mr. Beeſton.
Garbato <i>in Love with Arabella.</i>	Mr. Eaſland.
Cicco <i>a blind Senator that pretends to ſee.</i>	Mr. Perin.
Rictamare <i>his Brother, in Love with Riches.</i>	Mr. Coſh.
Euggio <i>a Fellow that delights in Romancing.</i>	Mr. Chapman.
Furfante <i>Servant to Cicco.</i>	Mr. Powel.
Sanco-panco <i>Servant to Strega.</i>	Mr. Shirly.

## Women Actors.

Conſtantia <i>Siſter to Honorio.</i>	Mrs. Cox.
Arabella <i>Daughter to Cicco.</i>	Mrs. James.
Clara <i>{ in Love with Honorio, called } { alſo Intortunio. }</i>	Mrs. Bouſel.
Strega <i>an old Rich deformed Lady.</i>	Mrs. Corey.

## The Scene. Piſa.





# THE Amorous Old-vvoman,

O'R,

'Tis VVell if it Take.

## ACTUS I. SCENA I.

### *Amante and Honorio meeting.*

*Aman.* Signior Honorio!

*Hon.* Signior *Amante*? You are the Man  
I wish'd to meet.

*Aman.* Then we're both pleas'd.  
I've worn out my Feet with seeking you.

*Hon.* And I my Patience.

*Aman.* I thought you better stor'd.

*Hon.* You have most reason to believe so Signior,

*Aman.* I cannot apprehend you.

*Hon.* I shall explain my self. I understand  
You have been a liberal detractor Sir,  
Both of my honour, and my Sisters fame,  
And as a Gentleman expect fair satisfaction.

*Aman.* Ha, ha, ha, you are dispos'd to droll.  
*Italians* seldom understand that Language.

*Hon.* You speak *French*. Teach your Sword the Dialect

B

And

And don't mistake my injuries for jests.

*Aman.* Tho' I have alwayes made it my chief care  
Neither to offer, nor receive a wrong,  
And am as far from injuries to you,  
As English Subjects from oppressive Laws:  
Yet custom does so cruelly impose  
Upon the Laws of Honour, the must give  
Satisfaction, to the Capricio of each jealous brain.

*Hon.* I am no common Duellist, nor make a living  
From the price of blood. My temper  
In your refusal of my Sisters Love  
(After such long address) was too much shewn:  
But then her tears did conquer my resentments,  
Which fresher injuries have inflam'd a-new.  
And if not false to Honour, as to Love,  
You will this Night those injuries repair,  
Or take his Life, whose fame you did not spare.

*Aman.* 'T were not amiss I knew particulars,  
The why and wherefore I must draw my Sword,  
For I'me not so in love with the French garb,  
T' expose my skin to pinking for the Mode.

*Hon.* You shall -----  
Setting a part your late inconstancy, (which I am  
Bound to pardon by an Oath) receive in short  
My other injuries: y' have given out (thereby  
To justify your levity) my Sister was unchast,  
And that the reason you forsook her Love:  
That I (being conscious of my Sisters guilt)  
Durst not confirm't to th' world by my revenge.

*Aman.* Let me but know the inventor of these lyes,  
These Hell-bred lyes, that I may punish him,  
For I am more than equally concern'd.

*Hon.* You must excuse me Sir, I swore concealment.

*Aman.* Then give me leave to say you are unjust:  
Tho' love, which all want Power to resist,  
Compell'd my stubborn heart to feel a second flame;  
Yet I was ne're so little generous, so destitute

(3)

Of Honour, or of Man-hood, as to alperie a Lady,  
I once lov'd.

*Hon.* Words are no balsom for the wounds of Honour:  
I hope you'l meet me in *Pantaloni's* Grove.

*Aman.* To vindicate her Fame I will; but ne're  
To justifie so black a Calumny.

*Hon.* Y' are a Coward then, that wants a Soul  
To own the injuries your malice vents.

*Aman.* A Coward? Lend me your patience Gods!  
'Tis all too little to allay the flame  
That word has kindled here; Oh how it rages!  
Now y' have given my anger a just Theam;  
You shall soon know to whom the Coward's due:  
Expect me about Six.

*Hon.* I shall attend you with a second.

[Exit Honorio.]

*Aman.* Tho' he pretends fresh wrongs, 'tis evident  
He seeks to punish my inconstancy,  
A cause my Sword wou'd have defended weakly,  
Had not his fury given 't an argument,  
Too warrantable to admit dispute,  
As to the justice of't, a Coward!  
It is a Title of such Infamy;  
Methinks his life is slender satisfaction!  
And yet when I consider him my Friend,  
Methinks that Title shou'd all quarrells end.

[Exit.]

*Scena Secunda.*

*Riccamare, Garbaro.*

*Ric.* But is she so deform'd?

*Garb.* As ugly as heart can wish, but rich  
Beyond the numbers of Arithmetick.

*Ric.* She's a Woman?

*Garb.* Her Progeny assures it, for she has seen  
Her great Grand-childs Daughter;  
But still remember she is rich.

*Ric.* There's my *Elysium*.

*Garb.* But will you marry her?

*Ric.* Why did I crave thy aid else? for riches  
I will marry any thing. Were she so old  
That the single hairs upon her Chin  
Were hard'ned by time, to the consistence  
Of Knitting-needles, and grown as long; if  
She had money, yet I'd marry her, and  
Kiss her upon occasion, notwithstanding  
That Porcupin defence.

*Garb.* And much good may it do thee.

*Ric.* Nay, if she be but rich enough, I care not  
Tho' she were a Witch the Devil had suck'd  
Nine lives; but thou art sure that I shall  
Meet no Rival?

*Garb.* Except Don Satan shou'd in meer spight  
Animate an hang'd Carcass to court her,  
Never fear one.

*Ric.* How happy's *Riccamare*! since glorious Gold  
Gives form to Youth deform'd, Beauty to th' old.

*Garb.* How he's exalted! like a Beggar that had  
Drunk himself into a Prince, and keeps  
State in a dream.

*Ric.* Dear *Garbato* let's instantly to this India.

*Garb.* Weigh the adventure: There's more pleasure  
To sleep in a Trench, tho' in a deep Snow,  
When Bullets dance about your ears, and  
Less danger, than in kissing her, she  
Has a breath more noisom than a Jakes,  
Able to belch a Pestilence, but Gold is a  
Rich Restorative, and she's as mellow as  
An Angelot Cheese, that has been mortifi'd  
Fifteen Months in Horse-dung: But still  
To your great comfort, she's exceeding rich.

*Ric.* That's



*Ric.* That's my Paradise, has she many Heirs?

*Garb.* None but an overgrown Gib-cat, she has  
Out-liv'd her kindred by nine Generations,  
And they say remembers ever since *Eve*  
Gave suck; and for her Religion she's a  
Pre-adamite.

*Ric.* Then are my fortunes made for ever.

*Garb.* And you shall make mine before we part. *(aside)*

*Ric.* How am I bound to fortune! Rich and Old,  
Two blessings I wou'd hardly change for Heaven  
Might it succeed.

*Garb.* The refusal must be on your part Signior.

*Ric.* What, and be worth ten thousand Duckets yearly?

*Gar.* Yes, and ten times that in money.

*Ric.* If I wed her not, may I marry a poor  
Beauty, and undo my Parish with getting  
Beggars. Why should'st thou scruple it?  
Prithee let's lose no time.

*Garb.* A word first about my own concerns.

*Ric.* Delay me not, I'll reward thee to thy wish.

*Gar.* I am no Slave to coin Sir.

*Ric.* How shall I otherwise deserve thy Love?

*Gar.* As we walk I shall inform you.

*Ric.* Well, you shall govern me: now to my Mines;  
Nought's so deform'd, but Gold can make divine.

*[Exeunt.]*

### Scena Tertia.

Constantia, Clara, Arabella.

*Con.* Dispute no more, you may as well compare  
An Atome to a Mountain, as balance  
Your miseries with mine.

*Cl.* Let each impart her grief, and then the Scale  
Will not perhaps appear so much unequal.

*Ar.* Let

*Ans.* Let me begin happily, hearing mine that I  
You'll bless, and think your own not worth  
Relating.

The man I love is banisht from my sight,  
And him I hate, usurps a Lovers right.

Such Magick is there in a Parents will,  
As does destroy my Love, my Lover kill.

If I obey, I must espouse my hate,  
And disobedience is a harder fate.

For so I lose my love, who does pursue  
Me with such Virtue, he'd then shun me too,

As lost to duty, judging I might prove,  
As to my Father, faller to his love.

*Con.* Your fate's severe, yet Madam you possess  
In's Virtue still a kind of happiness.

Whil'st I have lost in mine, (being so untrue,)  
Not only a Lover, but his virtue too.

*Cl.* Yet both your fates my happiness outgo  
You were belov'd, but I was never so.

*Con.* My having been belov'd my griefs encrease!  
War racks them most that have been us'd to peace.

*Ans.* And those true vows my Lover does impart,  
Serve but as Torches to inflame my heart.

Which other wise by silence might abate  
In Love, and reconcile me to my hate.

*Cl.* All these are trifles to poor Clara's grief,  
Whose Love ne're had, nor e're can hope relief.

*Con.* What e're they seem, sure those griefs deepest grow,  
Which feel th' effects of love, and hatred too.

*Ans.* If to discern, you'd contraries compare,  
(For great hope lost, begets the worst despair.)

You'd find my grief all others far excel.  
So joyes privation is the worst of Hell:

And darkness seems more horrid to the sight,  
When Bodies intervene 'twixt us and light,

And rob us of the glory of the Day,  
Than when by counse, Night drives the Sun away.

So

So does my Fathers will t' our Love appear,  
 Much more prodigious, than were Love severe,  
 Or either of us false: that grief destroys,  
 Which cruelly separates uniting joyes.

*Con.* Disputes are vain: we never shall decide,  
 Which shou'd precede, 'mongst griefs so near ally'd.

*Cl.* Thou'rt in the right; for mine must never yield.

*Ara.* Nor mine ----- adieu.

I must retire to the Cyprels Grove.

*Cl.* So dark a shade will best become my Love,  
 I'll bear thee company, where we will feed,  
 Sorrow with silence: As wounds inward bleed,  
 When least apparent, yet then best surprize  
 The fort of life; so griefs which dwell on Eyes,  
 Cannot so dextrously life o'ercome,  
 As silent sorrows, which live nearer home.

[*Exit Clara and Arabella.*]

*Con.* If Love alone be difficult to bear,  
 And that Loves torments are entreas'd by fear,  
 Tho' fear denote some hope, Love paid with scorn,  
 Being void of hope's much harder to be borne.  
 How have I sin'd! that I me compell'd to prove  
 The utmost rigours both of scorn, and love  
 Great Deity forgive: and next abate  
 My love like his; as one teach both to hate.  
 Or if I still must do by your decrees,  
 Yet mitigate my cruel destiny.  
 And make *Amanse* feel a scornful hate,  
 May equalize the rigour of my fate.  
 That so,  
 Wearied with scorns, his penitence may prove,  
 More advantageous than his feigned Love.

[*Exit.*]

*Scena*

*Scena Quarta.***Buggio, Honorio.****Bug.** Where dost think I met thy Mistress?**Hon.** My Mistress!**Bug.** Make it not so strange, the Lady of your  
Publick address, the Lady *Arabella*.**Hon.** The Lady *Arabella*! Where?**Bug.** See if your countenance speaks not truth for you:  
Be Master of a better temper,  
Or hang me if I tell you a Syllable.**Hon.** I'll tell you more without a Covenant;  
*Amante* does with solemn Oaths deny  
Those base assertions which you swore he lay'd  
Upon my Sisters Fame: And tho' he be  
A Vagabond in Love, yet I believe him  
A Man of Honour, that wou'd not eat his words;  
Besides the Oath of silence you impos'd,  
Begets suspicion.**Bug.** This comes by telling lyes, damnable lyes;  
To please my fancy I expose my throat, *(aside)*  
And with a Pox must be Romantic still.**Hon.** Signior, I expect your answer.**Bug.** Sir, since my zeal and over-sond affection,  
Has rendred me a sufferer in your thoughts,  
I shall become more careful for the future  
Of busie friendship, and a pur-blind zeal,  
And find at present ways to vindicate  
The truth.**Hon.** That will oblige me to implore your pardon,  
For my unjust suspicion.**Bug.** 'Tis confidence I see, must bear me out. *(aside)*  
Time will make all things plain.**Hon.** The time is riper Sir, than you suppose,

For



For by appointment, I'me to meet *Amanse*  
This Night in single Combate.

*Bug.* Then I have made fine work, and shall no doubt  
Have my dear Guts carv'd in *Italian* Cut-works,  
Or my poor Carkas pounded to a Sawfage.

*Hon.* If now you please to honour me so far  
As to appear my Second, you'l thereby approve  
Your truth, and friendship.

*Bug.* Second! ——— A Pox of all lying, it will lie  
Heavy on my blood one day, or other; and  
Yet if I should be hang'd for't, my very body  
Cou'd not chuse but lie, after 'twere dead.

*Enter Cicco, Furfante.*

*Cic. Furfante,* When we meet Company, whisper me.

*Fur.* Yonder's Signior *Honorio* Sir, my young  
Mistresses Servant.

*Cic.* Good day Signior *Honorio.*

*Hon.* How the Devil does he to see me at this  
Distance, that gropes from one Room to another;  
And knows not the way to his Mouth  
But by custom — I joy to see you Sir,  
That I may enquire of my souls chief  
Happinels, my *Arabella*, how fares my life?

*Cic.* In perfect health, like sad *Penelope* she  
Moanes the abience of her Love, you make  
Your self too much a Stranger.

*Hon.* She makes m' indeed a Stranger to her heart,  
VWhere I cou'd wish to be more intimate  
Than Friends appear'd before the World knew fraud.  
But since she's pleas'd to have it otherwise,  
My duty's to submit.

*Cic.* Talk not to me of duty, or submission; your flames  
And flatteries make them proud; your terming  
Them Deities make them forget ther frailty. (*Honorio:*  
Calling them Mistresses, you teach them disobedience, Signior  
You have my voice, if she's mine, she's mine  
To dispose.

C

*Hon.* Doubt

*Hon.* Doubt not her just obedience, she'll comply  
In ev'ry thing she can; but Tyrant love  
Does so our reason and our will surmount,  
It makes all eyes besides of no account.

*Cic.* Allow Girls reason, and will! that were fine faith.

*Bug.* I see y<sup>e</sup> are busie Sir, I'll take my leave.

*Cic.* VVho's that, *Furfant*?

*Hon.* Stay but a Minute, and I'll wait upon you,  
In the mean time, consider of the business.

*Bug.* Shou'd I refuse, he'd fight with me himself,  
Tho' I perform nothing I'll promise fair.

*Cic.* Does he turn this way yet?

*Fur.* He does, speak aloud, for he's at some distance.

*Cic.* Signior *Buggio*, my old acquaintance!  
I protest I saw you not.

*Fur.* He may believe him, for he has been  
Blind these five years.

*Bug.* Your Age excuses you.

*Cic.* I am not wont to make such gross mistakes.

*Fur.* Thanks to my Eyes, and your Ears.

*Cic.* Old as I am, these Eyes will serve me without spectacles.

*Fur.* As well as with 'em.

*Bug.* I've heard, you have that sense so perfect,  
That you can see the point of a Needle  
At twelve score.

*Cic.* Then Signior *Buggio*, you have heard a truth.

*Fur.* He neither cares to hear, nor speak one.

*Cic.* Son *Honorio*.

*Hon.* That Title honours me, and revives my hopes.

*Cic.* Hopes! I'll have 'em certainties, the day  
Appointed, and that quickly too.

*Hon.* You speak the Language of the Gods, prepare  
My *Arabella* for a free consent,  
And *Hymen* shall soon make us one.

*Cic.* Say no more, I'll have 't dispatch'd  
To morrow, the privater, the better.

*Fur.* For his Purse.

*Cic.* *Fur.*

*Cic. Furfante!*

*Hon.* This suddenness surprizes me,  
But old men do all by fits.  
And I will sooner lose my life  
Than this blest opportunity.

*Cic.* I hope you'll wait upon your friend to morrow.

[*Exeunt Cicco & Furfante.*]

*Bug.* I sooner may neglect my self than him.

*Hon.* You have consider'd my proposal?

*Bug.* I have, and with a double joy receive  
The honour, as vindicator both of my fame,  
And truth.

*Hon.* You'll approve your self a worthy Gentleman;  
The Place is *Pantalones* Grove, the hour Six.

*Bug.* I understand you Sir. ---- If I observe (*aside*)  
Either time or place, I'll be sleight, and  
Have Vellum made of my Hide for Historians  
To write Authentick History --- your Servant Sir.

*Hon.* A word, you seem'd at first to intimate  
Somewhat concerning my *Arabella*.

*Bug.* True, I did --- But ---

*Hon.* Mince not the matter, this old mans suddenness  
Does justly give me cause of jealousy,  
Which we esteem high wisdoms sentinel,  
Cause it alar'ns fear, and straight awakes  
Suspending doubt, which actions wisely stay  
Till discreet reason can prepare their way.

*Bug.* I shall so claw your wisdom. (*aside*)

*Hon.* Dear *Buggio*, be particular in what  
Your haste did make appear of some concern.

*Bug.* Yes, and have my Throat cut for my labour,  
Sure, I shall learn more wit.

*Hon.* Nay, how you play the Tyrant! that Friendship's  
Poor, which danger can affright,  
And he loves little can't forgive his Friend  
When 'twas not he, but's Passion did offend.

*Bug.* The danger, which I fear 's to incur your hate;

Yet that I'll wave, with all the interest  
Of divine Friendship, rather than conceal  
Ought that may affront your love or honour.

Hon. Thou wilt oblige me to Eternity.

Bug. In short, I saw your *Arabella*, Signior;  
VVith young *Amante* on the Grand Canale  
In a Felucca rowing toward *Leghorn*,  
Adorn'd with all the Gallantries of Art;  
Harmonious Musick entertain'd her Ear,  
Perfumes her smell, which much enrich'd the Air;  
A Banquet and delicious Wines her taste,  
VVhil'ft he appear'd the object of her Eye,  
And pleas'd her more than that variety.

Hon. Hell, and Devils! Art thou sure 'twas he?

Bug. As sure—What? Dost thou take me for an Atheist?  
Have I any Faith? have I any Eyes?

Hon. Enough—You will not fail at six.

Bug. I'll sooner fail my Grannam on her Death-bed;  
VVhen she's bestowing Legacies.

[Exit.]

Hon. Were not *Constantius* injuries sufficient  
But thou must wound more near, and having struck  
My Honour, must destroy my Love, and wound  
A Chastity my Soul did glory in?  
Thy injuries confound my patience  
And revenge, and make me think Heaven unjust,  
That gave thee so much power to offend,  
And but one life to make me satisfaction;  
But I'll denounce a War against thy blood,  
And thence proceed to thy affinities.  
Nor shall my vengeance slacken, much less end;  
Whil'ft thou hast left, a Kinsman or a Friend.

[Exit.]

Scena



*Scena Quinta.**Riccamare, Garbato.*

*Ric.* Our agreement's this, if this Damsel of sixteen  
And odd, be worth the sums you talk off,  
And will marry me, I am to procure my  
Niece *Arabella's* Company at my house, and  
Make you a Collation; if it do not succeed  
You forfeit two hundred Crowns.

*Garb.* You have an exact memory. View now  
The Fabrick.

*Ric.* It looks like an old ruin of *Egypt*.

*Garb.* Or rather like a relique of the Flood;  
Sure it was built in the Infancy of time,  
Before the World was acquainted with proportion,  
Or Architecture.

*Ric.* Knock, I long to survey the Inhabitants  
Of this Monument, if she be rich enough  
I will make amends.

*Garb.* Nay, you must expect nothing but antiquity:  
Her Parlour will appear like a Brokers shop,  
Every Stool of a several Parish.

*Enter Sanco-panco.*

But here comes her general Officer -- I must  
Dispatch him Embassadour to his Lady,  
Before I can proceed with my description.

*Ric.* This is some *Egyptian* Mummy preserv'd  
By a petrifying Vapour, he moves as if he  
Had no Soul.

*Exit Sanco-panco.*

What strange *African* Monster's that?

*Garb.* A moveable suitable to her other appurtenances,  
But to my description; The Cushions in her  
Windows look by the Antique Embroidery

Like

Like Reliques lay'd at the Sack of *Jerusalem*,  
And the Velvet of the Couch like an High  
Priests Cope, that had lay'n buried nine Ages.

*Ric.* If she be parallel to these, I shall be VViv'd.

*Garb.* I fear she'll prove the greater antiquity.

*Ric.* Good Gold, fortifie my Stomach strongly.

*Garb.* But she's rich, that's all thou canst for.

*Ric.* True, in being so, she's all, All I can wish.

*Enter Sanco-panco.*

*Garb.* And here returns our *Sanco-panco*, Porter,  
Usher, Steward, Butler, Coach-man, or what  
You please, to conduct you to your *Indies*.

*Sanc.* After my Mistresses hearty commendations  
Presented unto you.

*Ric.* 'Slife, he's her Secretary too, and is directing  
A Letter of thanks for a Country Cake.

*Sanc.* My Mistress bid me notify her intentions  
Are to see you.

*Ric.* She can see yet, that's some comfort.  
Good Sir *Lancelot*, do your Office, and Marshal us.

*Sanc.* I shall shew you up to my Mistresses Chamber.

*Ric.* Now if I can but obtain her.

*Garb.* Fear nothing, pray for a good Stomach,  
Say Grace, and fall too.

*Exeunt.*

## *Scena Sexta.*

*Buggio and Constantia.*

*Bug.* Unless you call upon your Apron-strings  
For some device, that may confine him home,  
You'll loose a Brother, and a Servant, Lady.

*Con.* Are you to be his Second?

*Bug.* Madam I ever us'd to appear first  
In these Encounters, but my respect to you--

*Con. I*

*Con.* I shall ever own the Obligation.

*Bug.* Y<sup>e</sup> are most obliging, 'tis a pious work;  
You will prevent the direst Massacre.

*Con.* I doubt not but I shall persuade my Brother.

*Bug.* I wish you may, for your fair sake I wish it,  
Else ne're expect to see a Brother more:  
For my own part, I think that I can die  
As decently as another;

And sell my life too, at as dear a rate  
As any flesh alive, for all their Guns,  
Petars, Granadoes, and Demy-culverings.

*Con.* Heaven blest us.

*Bug.* Madam, you are fore-warn'd, I must prepare,  
I mean for mischief, and to broach new lies. *(aside)*

*[Exit.]*

*Con.* His words are terrible, shou'd this be true;  
I lose at once a Lover, and a Brother.  
'Tis safe to fear the worst, some way I'll prove  
To save their lives, altho' I lose their Love.

*[Exit.]*

## *Actus Secundus.*

*Arabella, Clara, in Boyes Apparell.*

*Ara.* **T**ell me thy Name, and Parentage.

*Cl.* My name is *Infortunio*, for my Birth,

I claim an honest, but no high descent,

A Shepherds-Son in *Sicily*.

*Ara.* *Infortunio!*

*Cl.* A Name which answers my misfortunes, Madam.

*Ara.* Alas thy face does shew the petty griefs.

Thy Age has undergone, the Sun did broil

Or the cold Air did sometimes make thee quake,

Or hunger tyranniz'd for want of break-fast.

Upon

Upon thy empty Stomach: can'st thou sing?

*Inf.* According to our Rural way I can.

*Ara.* Pretty Boy! Prithee be not so bashful,

But begin.

*Song.*

1

If love enjoy'd's the greatest bliss

A mortal can sustain,

The greatest pain

Must be the contrary to this,

Cruel disdain.

No Passion's harder to be born,

Than Love, when 'tis repay'd with scorn.

2

I'de rather have my Love untrue

And giv'n to flattery,

Then shou'd I be

So happy as to have him sue

For Love to me.

And if his falsehood prove too great,

At pleasure sound the first retreat.

3

But when men the advantage have

To shew the first disdain

They thereby gain

The Priviledg to kill, or save,

Encrease our pain,

And make us Perish by their scorn,

Or live by smiles, like Vassals born.

*Ara.* How happy is this Boy, who sings his Aires,

And makes his pastime out of others cares!

Ah that I were as ignorant as he,

He knows no love, therefore no misery,

But



But Women are too apt (heav'n knows) to learn,  
To wish, to blush, and next to have concern.

*Enter Cicco, Turfante.*

*Fur.* Yonder's my young Mistress, Sir.

*Cic.* Lead me to her, what Company?

*Fur.* Only a Page, a little Youth.

*Cic.* A very pretty Youth.

*Fur.* Of a black, as ere you saw.

*Cic.* Yes, yes, I see that, a pretty Moor.

*Cl.* Is he mad, or blind, or both?

*Fur.* He's blind, and mad, and both.

*Cic.* These are but shifts, Apron-string policies,  
No more, 'tis my command, shew your obedience.  
You have not seen *Garbas* lately?

*Ara.* You did command the contrary, and I obey'd.

*Cic.* It well became your duty. —  
He'll be so wise I hope, & absent himself,  
His entertainment shan't invite him hither,  
Let Beggars marry in their Tribe, and so  
Maintain their race, I must have you prepare  
To be the rich *Yandrio's* Bride.

*Ara.* Dear Sir —

*Cic.* Nay no reply, your warning's short, I'll see  
You married my self to morrow Morning.

*Fur.* He talks of seeing still, where are his Eyes?

*Cl.* Can't not perceive, they're alwayes in his Mouth.

*Fur.* You mistake, his sight's there, his eyes  
Are in his head.

*Cic.* Here, take this Purse, and see you fit your self.

*[Exit Cicco.]*

*Ara.* What for a Sepulcher?

*Cl.* A Bridal Bed, dear Madam.

*Ara.* 'Twere less injurious to wish a Tomb.

*Cl.* I'me glad she hates him yet, there's some hope left,  
If my poor stars prove kind, however I'll  
Aid them.

Madam, so strange a sadness clouds your Soul

D

As

As would move pity in a senseless Statue, but Women are not senseless  
 Therefore impute it not to impudence, To wish, to blun-  
 If in compassion of your miseries, I proffer my poor service to persuade  
 I proffer my poor service to persuade  
*Honorio* to forsake your Love, and leave you  
 To your choice.

*Ara.* Thou speak'st a blessing rather to be wish'd, A  
 Than hop'd for, or obtain'd.

*Cl.* Be not distrustful.  
 You know not how my innocence can plead,  
 Arm'd with your cause; if he has any pity,  
 I'll use such soft and tender language to him,  
 As shall dissolve his soul into compassion.

*Ara.* Thou hast indeed a moving language Boy,  
 And thy looks, with me, have power to persuade  
 Beyond the Charms and Tropes of Rhetorick.  
 May they with him find equal grace, and Power.  
 Tell him my heart, and love, was pre-dispos'd  
 That 'tis not Pride, but Love, refuses him;  
 Bid him not take it ill, that I am constant,  
 For Death to me is welcome than change;  
 That if he ceases to prosecute my fate  
 He will deserve my pity, and such Love  
 As gratitude, and honour can dispense.  
 But if he will persist my dreadful fate,  
 That from my Love he'll at such distance be  
 He scarcely will be worth my Charity.

*Cl.* When he knows this, he'll surely blame his Love,  
 And straight endeavour to suppress his flame.  
 But I wrong your service by deferring it.

*Ara.* Whil'st he employs his richest eloquence  
 In mitigation of *Honorio's* Love,  
 I must make use of my own diligence  
 To find *Garbato* and discover to him  
 The hasty rigour of my Fathers Will:  
 I am inform'd he often does frequen-

My Uncle's House, but upon what design  
 I can't surmise, unless he hope from thence  
 To reap advantage to our love:  
 However boldly, I'll adventure there,  
 She should fear nought, has every thing to fear.

### Scena Secunda.

Riccamaro, Garbato.

*Ric.* As she's set together, she appears  
 Reasonably handsome.

*Garb.* Like the grave Governess of a Roman Bawdy-house,  
 But when she's disjoyned, like a new dissected  
 Anatomy, then tell me thy opinion.

*Ric.* I warrant you, a gilded Pill will down.  
 But didst observe her Conscience, how 'twas spiced?

*Garb.* Like a Wallat bowl, or a pepper posset, it bit agen.  
 She's not like our Shop-keepers, that vent their  
 Wares by a false light, she'll have you survey  
 The Commodities well, that you may not repent  
 The bargain.

*Ric.* Blame her not, she's honest and kind.

*Garb.* As Cats when they first grow proud, all her  
 Caresses will consist in scratching, and like  
 The Russian Lasses, she must be basted, to be  
 Made sensible of thy kindness.

*Ric.* The Woman's well, considering her wealth.

*Garb.* I fear thou'lt scarce like her when thou  
 Hast seen her imperfections.

*Ric.* Why, are they so horrid?

*Garb.* Faith I know not, but the Ceremony gives  
 Much of Terror - she's made of several  
 Loose Parcels, that's certain; and to have an  
 Arm taken off, turn into a Cat's paw; her

Nose convert to a Swines Snout, her Periwig  
To Hares, and her Legs to Grey-hounds to course  
Them, wou'd it not startle thee?

*Ric.* Thou art as whimsical as a Court Lady  
Studying of new fashions, I cannot imagine  
Half these deformities.

*Garb.* May she prove the Figure of *Helen*! or rather  
May her wealth make her appear so!

*Enter Amante.*

My dear *Amante*, 'tis above an Age,  
Since I had last the happiness to see you.

*Aman.* Perhaps you'll wish you had not seen me now.

*Garb.* You wrong our Friendship much; your reason Sir?

*Aman.* Dismiss that Gentleman, and I'll inform you.

*Ric.* I shall see you at my lodging.

*Garb.* In time to wait upon you to the party.

*[Garbato whispers Riccamaro.]*

*Ric.* Be sure you don't forget. *[Exit Riccamaro.]*

*Garb.* You know my forfeit. Now Friend I am yours.

*Aman.* You knew my Love once to *Constantia*.

*Garb.* And have lamented oft, the change.

*Aman.* That Crime must be imputed Sir to Love,  
Or beauty which commands it; however now  
I am summon'd to answer it with my Sword.

*Garb.* I thought *Constantia* had prevail'd upon  
Her Brothers rage, to let it sleep.

*Aman.* 'Twas so believ'd, and that she had confin'd  
His fury by an Oath; I must avow  
Her pity therein did affect me much,  
For I was loth to justify a Crime  
Love made me so unwillingly commit.

*Garb.* What's the occasion then of this new quarrel?

*Aman.* I know not well, but he seems to charge me  
With fresh injuries, which I averring false,  
He call'd me Coward, thy Friend *Amante* Coward.

*Garb.* Just Gods! and when d'you Combate him?

*Aman.* Immediately, if you but honour me so far;

As



As to appear my second,

*Garb.* You know you may command me.

*Aman.* 'Tis time we did attend him.

*Garb.* Away, this Arm unto my Sword shall lend  
A double vigour to revenge my Friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

### Scena Tertia.

*Constantia.*

*Con.* Now that my Brother's safe, my next design  
Must be, how to secure his fame, for honour  
To a Cavalier of his Complexion  
Is of more dear concern by far than life.

'Tis an hard Task, yet what I want in Art.

My Courage shall supply, for I'me all heart.

I heard some tread, I will obscure a while.

[*She hides behind a Tree.*]

*Enter Buggio.*

*Bug.* The Coast is clear, and I've time to invent

Some delicate Romance, a fine-spun lie

To please my fancy, and to save my bones,

Should fair *Constantia* miss of her design

To stay *Honorio*.

*Con.* He speaks of me, I'll listen nearer.

*Bug.* If he come first, *Aman*'s very sick,

And sent a Messenger to make excuse.

But if *Aman* or *Honorio*'s behalf,

I'll make submission.

*Con.* Bala Slave!

*Bug.* And beg pardon for the injuries

He did him: oh delicate, dainty lyes!

How you tickle, and delate my Genius!

There is no Paradise, but in Romance.

*Con.* What a strange Fellow is this, yet so me-

I fear his Story was too true, for see  
*Amante* comes.

*Enter Amante, Garbato.*

*Bug.* Now for a dainty fancy to make Fools.

*Aman.* We are in time I see, here's only *Buggie*,  
 And without a Sword.

*Gar.* Oh he's a Man of peace.

*Bug.* He should be a Conjuror by his Guefs.

*Con.* 'Tis time I shew my self.

*Bug.* Noble Gallants, Signior *Honorio*----

*Con.* *Honorio*! If any here have ought

To say against him, I appear his Champion,  
 And in the just defence of his true Honour,

Oppose my Innocence to your rude Swords,

*Bug.* She has spoyld the rarest Fable brain  
 Gave being to ---- Cursed Woman----

*Gar.* Is not this *Constantia*?

*Aman.* The same.

*Con.* Yes 'tis the same, the same *Constantia*;

I would you were the same *Amante* too!

But wherefore should I wish you so much ill?

No, prosper in your Love, and let in me

A period to your hate.

*Aman.* How much I prize your life, the Gods bear witness.

*Con.* How little you esteem my love, this heart  
 Can witness; yet tell me, false, and cruel,

How many new vexations you design me?

'Yave rob'd my heart of Love, my life of peace,

And now pursue my sole surviving comfort,

My Brothers life.

*Aman.* Alas I pity your misfortunes Madam,

And own my self unworthy of your Love,

Wild and inconstant;

But for your Brother as he made the strife,

'Tis justice he should answer with his life.

*Con.* His life can nothing else obtain his peace.

*Aman.* Bal-

*Aman.* Ballance my injuries, and be you Judge.  
He has reproach'd me with a Cowards name,  
And with much baseness urg'd me to the Field,  
Himself not daring as a Gentleman to meet  
Me here, or give me satisfaction.

*Con.* Suspend your sentence till you understand  
By what necessity he is constrain'd;  
I've lock'd him up, and am come here my self  
To make you Friends, or else supply his Room,  
If we must fight, come on, *[She draws her sword]*  
Yet sure you'll gain the Honour, come to the Devil the Devil  
But small' repute, to kill a Maid that is slain  
By Love before, whose valour will appear,  
More in her tongue than hand, most in a Tear.

*Aman.* My heart dissolves, I shall forget my wrongs.

*Gar.* Friend, let me intercede, who can deny  
A Lady pleading with a weeping Eye?  
'Twas for her sake *Honorio* did forgive  
Your change in Love, for her sake let him live.

*Aman.* I am content, were on an even score;  
Besides it is as little as I can do  
In satisfaction for my wrongs to you.

*Con.* This is a relique of some kindness yet,  
But once your love, and vows did promise more,  
I now must study to forget both them, and you,  
Farewel for ever.

*Aman.* She's passionate.

*Gar.* Sh's as reason for't, her injuries would vex  
The strongest Patience of that Noble Sex.

*Scena*

## Scena Quarta.

Honorio, at a Window.

*Hon.* Sister! *Constantia*, Sister! Sure she's dead;  
 Or some infectious Vapour makes her mad  
 To lock me up thus; Curse of her design!  
 My honour's wounded to Eternity,  
 But how the Devil she shou'd come to hear  
 Of our appointment is beyond my brains  
 Or reason to conceive. Hell take her care!  
 She kills my honour to preserve my life;  
 And who can say she han't destroy'd her own,  
 And made me fast to play at loose her self?  
 Unto its Center I will sift her heart,  
 Level a Prospect to her very soul,  
 But I will know her thoughts, her hidden thoughts,  
 I've made a passage through three locks already,  
 This is beyond my skill, or strength to force.

*Enter Clara, & Infortunio.*

'Tis almost Night, I'll call on yonder Boy.

*Cl.* This certainly must be *Honorio's* House.

*Hon.* Youth, kind Youth.

*Cl.* 'Tis he! Pray what's your pleasure?

*Hon.* Good Youth step to the adjacent street  
 And fetch a Smith; my Family are gone  
 To th' festival; and lock'd me in.

*Cl.* 'Twill be a kindness to my self,  
 For I have business with you.

*Hon.* Prithce dear Boy dispatch, I long to hear it.

*Cl.* I'll bring you straight your freedom.

[Exit.

[*Honorio shuts the Window.*

Scena



## Scena Quinta.

Furfante, Cicco.

*Cic.* Arabella not come home, and night;*Eur.* When is't other with him? the Sun  
Is half an hour high Sir.*Cic.* Yes, yes, I think it be.*she peeps up to-  
wards the sky.**Eur.* He peakes into the Element  
Like an Astrologer, that picks our  
Good Stars for others, and unlucky ones  
For himself.*Cic.* No, no, the Sun is not so high.*Eur.* You might swear it, could you see the Candles.*Cic.* 'Tis just a quarter high, or there about.*Eur.* You are more than three quarters blind.*Cic.* But that's Night in a manner.*Eur.* Blindness is always Night in a manner.*Cic.* What's that you say Sirrah of good Manners?*Eur.* Not I Sir, I had never any to talk of.*Cic.* Nay, you're a sawcy Knave, did Arabella  
Take any body with her?*Eur.* No Sir, she was loth to promote the Cook-maid,  
And my Livery was sick of a Rupture.*Cic.* Did she say nothing?*Eur.* She were not a Woman then; she told me all  
Her Wedding Intrigues, but her tongue went  
So merrily, and my memory was such a Jade  
We could not keep pace.*Cic.* If she be gone about her marriage necessities  
she won't be long, come let's about her  
Preparations here at home.*Eur.* We are like to have wonderful doings, and much  
Sobriety; our Wine will come up in Physical  
Viols, and we shall drink it out of Acorns.

E

*Cic.* Are

*Cic.* Are the provisions come?

*Fur.* Yes Sir, Coleworts in abundance, Lettice, Anchovies,  
And Mushrooms, the Feast will make a rare  
Grand Salade.

*Cic.* No flesh Varler?

*Fur.* A pair of Pidgeons, half a dozen of Larks, a  
Monstrous Quail, and as much Butchers meat.  
As a pair of Mice yolk'd to a Peascod can  
Conveniently draw.

*Cic.* You think y'are in *England* to clog your stomach  
With Buttock Beef.

*Fur.* Wou'd mine were a Porter, upon condition  
It bore no worse a burthen.

*Cic.* Be content Rascal, thou shalt surfeit on  
Macharoni, and Vermicelli.

*Fur.* A Pox of your Minstrels, give me Beef.

[*Exeunt.*]

### *Scena Sexta.*

*Constantia.*

*Con.* Just like a Felon by his guilt pursu'd  
I've trac'd the Streets; for every little noise  
Begets new terrors, and my erring fancy  
Frames out of nothing, objects to affright me.  
But soft, I hear some footing.

*Enter Clara.*

*Cl.* 'Tis very late, for ev'ry one's a Bed:  
Except some Lovers, who do serenade  
Their Mistresses, no Smith can I prevail with;  
They tell me that 'tis time to rest, but I  
Can meet with no such season.

*Con.* This Youth is as timorous, as I.

*Cl.* That voice shou'd be *Constantia's*.

*Con.* He nam'd me, I am lost.

*Cl.* Madam

*Cl.* Madam *Constantia*.

*Con.* Protect me sacred Innocence! I know you not,  
What are you?

*Cl.* A Friend, and yet unknown.

*Con.* I do not covet new acquaintances.

*Cl.* Fear not, I was desired by *Honorio*,  
(Lock'd up through some mistake of his Domesticks)  
To fetch a Smith.

*Con.* I hope you have sent none, I have the Keyes.

*Cl.* I han't, for surfeited with this days Feast.  
They went, I think, all drunk to bed, sooner  
At least than usually.

*Con.* I shall perform their Office.

*Cl.* Nay I must attend you.

*Con.* Excuse your self the trouble, and my modesty  
The Guilt of being seen with you so late.

*Cl.* I am too young for such a jealousy.  
Besides I have a message to your Brother.

*Con.* Defer it till the Morning; now 'tis late.

*Cl.* It does require a more quick dispatch.

*Con.* I cannot shite him off, what shall I do?  
'Twere madness to return, to stay here worse  
He then rely upon my Virtues force.

[Exeunt]

# ACTUS III. SCENA I.

*Honorio, Constantia, Clara,*

*Hon.* Sister, I'll canvass your affair at leisure,  
And as you satisfy my doubts,  
Conclude your guilt, or innocence.

*Con.* My Virtue Sir dare suffer any Test.

[Exit]

*Hon.* I do both wish, and hope it, now thy message.

*Cl.* Y' are to resolve me a short question first.

*Hon.* Willingly, proceed.

*Cl.* Do you entirely love fair *Arabella*?

*Hon.* Do I love honour, life, or health? she's more,  
Commands my soul, governs my heart.

*Cl.* She that has all the power you confess,  
Has sent you a Command.

*Hon.* Which I'll obey more joyfully, than Slaves-  
Receive their liberties, speak thy command.

*Cl.* 'Tis to leave loving her.

*Hon.* Cease to love her! I tell thee cruel youth-  
I must first cease to live.

*Cl.* Behold the truth of men! did you not say  
She sway'd your heart, yet see if you'll obey.

*Hon.* You must distinguish Boy, if she by love  
(As that's her only Title) sway my heart,  
I am no longer bound to an obedience,  
Than whilst her high commands suit with that love;  
But when she waves that right, and bids it cease,  
I justly disobey her hate, not her.

For if a Monarch shou'd command me kill him,  
Were't not in me a Treason to obey?

Surely it were, nor can my Inconstancy,  
Cause she commands it, a less Treason be.

*Cl.* He argues cunningly --- But you'll appear  
A double Traytor, both to her, and love,  
If you obey not, for on this command  
Depends her love, and life.

*Hon.* I understand you not, explain your self.

*Cl.* Sir, I shall both explain my self, and her.  
Love gives her to *Carbato*, she'd have you  
Cease your false claim, and let him have his due.

*Hon.* My answer Boy, shall be as home, and brief.  
Her duty makes her mine, and I'de have her  
Banish my Rival, and my Love prefer.

*Cl.* It rests in you to mitigate her Crime,  
Her Father too with duty may dispense,



But there are none, when mutual vows are knit  
Can cancel Love, till death determine it.  
Is she contracted then?

*Cla.* Lest could not disingage her from her duty.

*Hon.* Tell her I shall not discompose her peace,  
Nor long I fear survive her cruelty.

*Cla.* Oh that he had but this concern for me!

*Hon.* Having deliver'd this short message to her,  
Obtain her leave to visit me again:

Methinks your Faces have such sweet resemblance  
I cou'd delude my Passion, and adore

In thee my *Arabella*.

*Cla.* I will not fail to visit you.

*Hon.* Do my kind Boy, and then we'll weep together,  
And sigh, and sing grief to a Lethargy,  
Shall we not Boy?

*Cla.* You shall command me any thing. [*Exeunt severally.*]

### *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Furfante.*

*Fur.* So, thanks to my happy fate, he's fast again;  
And thinks it wants three hours yet of day,  
What a Rogue was I to abuse a poor blind Man  
Thus? by making him believe 't Night, and that  
His Daughter's return'd, when she's as far from  
Being visible as the Motion of time on a Dial.

*Enter Buggio.*

*Bug.* Where's thy Master?

*Fur.* Measuring his length, upon a Feather-bed, a sleep.

*Bug.* This Fellow has got my faculty, and lyes extempore,  
The Sun is mounted in the Meridian.

*Fur.* But I perswaded my Master it was not full East.

*Bug.* Delicate Varler, I cou'd kiss thee, did he lend faith?

*Fur.* Like a young Mercer, who had never been deceiv'd  
By a Court Customer; he believ'd most religiously.

*Bug.* As many do by an implicate faith.

*Bug.*

But how goes the Wedding forward?

*Fur.* As honest Men thrive, and Crabs crawl backwards,  
Backwards--- The Bride's fled Sir.

*Bug.* Escap'd!

*Fur.* Like a Canary Bird, fled to her Country.

*Bug.* What Province is that?

*Fur.* A Place most Virgins delight in, their  
Lovers bosom.

*Bug.* Thou'rt a rare Rogue, does the old Man  
Know it?

*Fur.* He dreams as little of it as a Thief of the  
Gallows, whilst he's committing Burglary.

*Bug.* Does he not miss her?

*Fur.* Yesternight he did, but now thinks her safe  
At home between flaxen.

*Bug.* Thou mean'st a Bed, did'st tell him so?

*Fur.* I did a little impose upon his faith.

*Bug.* Sweet Rascal, let me hug thee, thou  
May'st in time grow up a Mr.

*Fur.* In the Art of lying.

*Bug.* The Noble Science Varlet.

*Fur.* But now to make this good when he wakes  
Would be a Master-piece.

*Bug.* Trust to these brains and I'll secure thee,  
We'll persuade him he slept two days,  
And dream't a third.

*Fur.* And I have such a quickning Mornings draught.

*Bug.* Will it exalt the Genius?

*Fur.* To the fifth Region.

*Bug.* Let's in, and taste it Boy; may it inspire  
Our Sculls with fancy, and our Noses fire.

[Exeunt.]

Scena

## Scena Terza.

Riccamare, Garbato, Arabella.

*Ric.* I'll neither meddle, nor make with you that's flat;  
I cannot answer't to my Brother.

*Gar.* Prithee change humours; As he pretends to see,  
And sees not, seem you blind tho' you see.

*Ric.* I've been blind too long, when she came, she  
Would but speak a Word, and straight return.

*Arb.* But having weigh'd my Fathers temper since,  
(Which as you know is highly passionate)  
I dare not tempt his fury by my presence  
Till by some Friend I mediate my peace.

*Gar.* Nor can I think it safe; she ought to be  
Of some concern to you; you are her Uncle.

*Ric.* I can't go with her now, were she my Mother:  
You know my concern.

*Gar.* Let her stay here till our return.

*Ric.* Not to carry her where you please, I won't be  
Known I ever saw her.

*Gar.* Then I must wait her home, all places else  
Will be injurious to her fame.

*Ric.* You promis'd to attend me to the Widow.

*Gar.* And you to me a Treat, of which your  
Niece was to partake.

*Ric.* And will perform it.

*Gar.* Very like, and grutch your Niece a poor  
Days habitation.

*Ric.* VVell Signior, you shall see the contrary  
I'll hazard for your sakes, my Brothers love,  
Niece you shall stay a week and welcom.

*Gar.* This favour will oblige me still to serve you.

*Ric.* But since I hazard for your sakes a Brother's  
Love, I hope you'll spare my Purse.

In th' entertainment.

*Gar.* Most willingly, and if our stay be long,  
Pay for our Diets too, at your own rate.

*Ric.* We shall not disagree, so, here's profit,  
My Widow, and my Niece are at distance  
With her Father, all makes for me, our time  
Draws near.

[*Exit Riccamare.*]

*Gar.* I'll wait upon you.  
Though we have gain'd a breathing time  
For love,  
And fortune seems t'applaud our interview,  
Yet still my timorous concerns for thee  
Grow strong upon me, and allay my Joys.

*Ara.* Let's not destroy our present happiness  
With fears of what may happen, leav't  
To time.

Let Fathers rage, and fate denounce our ruin.  
Yet whilst we Love, and can thus breath  
Our Vows,

Into each others breasts, what can impair  
Our real happiness?

*Gar.* Whilst you continue thus, fortune may show  
Her teeth, but never bite us--- But I forget  
Your Uncle---life of my soul! farewell.

[*Exit.*]

*Ara.* So dying Bodies with their Spirits part,  
So Virgins to their Ravishers do yield  
Their honours up, with such a dying smart  
Does wounded honour oft forsake the Field,  
As I *Garbato's* fight, till whose return,  
My heart seems dead, my body as its urn.

*Scena*



## Scena Quarta.

*Furfante, dress'd like a Woman on one side, and like him-  
self on the other, and Buggio.*

*Fur.* And how do I become the Petticoat?

*Bug.* As a Thief the Gallows, admirably well.

*Fur.* If I can but counterfeit a Voice, between  
Laughing and crying, a right Womans voice;  
I am past discovery to a blind Man.

*Bug.* Study *Pythagoras*, and transform thy self to  
A Parsons Pig, that squeak will do it.

*Fur.* No I will speak like a Bakers Widow  
Kneading of Cake-bread for her Husbands Funeral.

*Bug.* Either will serve with the help of my faculty.

*Enter Clara.*

But what Dandiprat's this?

*Fur.* A Pillow Querister, that sings my Lady asleep.

*Bug.* And after plays with her Lips to make  
Her Dream of kisses.

*Fur.* Kisses are loves earnest before they seal  
The bargain, but if we don't seal his Lips,  
Our design will be reduc'd to its first principle,  
Nothing.

*Bug.* Fear not, we'll make him as silent as a Chamber  
Maid in her Lords bed, when her Lady lyes over her.

*Fur.* Or she under him, the Simile will hold both ways.

*Cl.* Where's my Lady? ha, ha, ha, I cannot forbear  
Laughing whilst I look on him.

*Fur.* You might show better manners Sirrah.

*Cl.* What, to a Fool?

*Bug.* To your Lady, 'sdeath are you blind?

*Cl.* I were blind indeed to mistake a Baboon  
For a Phenix.

*Bug.* I wonder Madam, you'll keep such a Jack-lawce

*Fur.* I must have him corrected,

*Cla.* This is rare fooling.

*Bug.* He's beyond drunk, mad, or bewitch'd.

*Cla.* These impudent Fellows are able to outface  
Truth, and make her fly the Dukedom.

*Bug.* Nay you must not enter there.

*Cla.* VVhat do they mean? I begin to fear them,  
For certainly they are extremely drunk.

*Furfante*, without fooling, where's my Lady?

*Fur.* Thou sawcy impudence.

*Bug.* I wonder Madam that you don't discharge him.

*Cla.* Tho' *Furfante* plays the Rogue, th' other  
Seems a sober Gentleman.

*Fur.* That's not your way Sirrah, get y' out of my Doors.

*Bug.* How the Boy stares! do you not hear your Lady?

*Cla.* I hear a sawcy Coxcomb.

[*Cicco* within.]

*Cic.* *Furfante*, *Arabella*, *Furfante*.

*Fur.* My Master comes, what shall we do?  
This Boy will ruine us.

[*he seems to threaten*.]

*Bug.* Let me alone to charm him, I'll make  
Him believe the Devil walks above ground.

[*Enter Cicco*.]

*Cic.* Are none of my Knaves within?  
Or is my Daughter dead --- *Furfante*!

*Fur.* Your pleasure Sir.

[*Speaks with his Male*.]

*Cic.* Did you not hear me call?

[*side towards him*.]

*Fur.* I was so taken up with grief for my young Mistress.

*Cic.* VVhy what of her?

*Fur.* Alas poor Gentlewoman, she has wept her Eyes out.

*Cic.* VVept! for what?

*Fur.* Her Lover Signior *Homerio* who shoud have made  
Her a VVoman, with her own consent Sir.

*Cic.* Sdeath, what of him?

*Fur.* VVhy Sir, he has disappointed her expectation;  
He is not come according to promise, and  
She poor Bride, sits yonder blubbering

Her

Her Eyes out.

*Cic.* Poulster Girl! 'tis early, he'll come, fear not.

*Fur.* 'Tis rather growing late Sir.

*Cic.* 'Tis breakfast time with thee.

*Fur.* That's a season I never was acquainted with  
Since I knew your VVorship, but if you please  
'Tis dinner time.

*Cic.* How Rogue! are we not newly up?

*Fur.* You may take your ease, but we under-Officers  
Of the Family, rose six hours ago.  
Signior *Buggio* has been here these three hours.

*Cic.* How! Signior *Buggio*, here?

*Bug.* Your Servant Signior.

*Cic.* Y'are welcome Sir, 'tis late it seems.

I wonder the Bridegroom comes not.

*Bug.* 'Tis past twelve half an hour.

*Cic.* He's mad too, damnably mad, or drunk.

VVhy, I am but newly up.

*Bug.* That's no news to me Sir, we have  
Ply'd you these four hours with hot Cloaths,  
Till at last you began to groan, and we  
Believ'd it but a deep sleep.

*Cic.* Did I appear so insensible?

*Bug.* As if y'had been an Alabaster  
Figure, for your own Tomb.

*Cic.* 'Tis strange, I feel my self well, and lusty.

*Bug.* I'me sure we pinch'd you till our Fingers  
Ak'd, and pull'd you by the Nose till the  
Gristle crack'd, and made us fear the  
Bridg-fall, yet all this while we saw  
No sign of life.

*Cic.* No sign of life! how my heart fails me?

*Bug.* He looks as if he'd faint with imagination.

*Cic.* Nay I find I was very ill.

*Bug.* I never saw a Man nearer 's grave, and live.

*Cic.* I believe it, for my heart akes yet, I feel  
A strange pricking. Hem, a hem-- But

Where's my Daughter?

*Bug.* There's a second affliction too -- the poor Soul's undone.

*Cic.* Undone! the Gods forbid!

*Bug.* In her honour Sir, *Honorio's* gone to travel.

*Cla.* My Wit shall teach me silence.

*Cic.* Base Villain, to forsake my Daughter thus!

And cheat my good opinion of his worth:

But 'tis not *Germany*, nor all the World

Can hide his shame, tho' it secures him.

*Bug.* It may prove false, all are not truths we hear.

*Cic.* However Sir he can't be true to me,

Nor to my Child, the hour's long since past

He promis'd to be here, and make her his.

*Fur.* He's rarely wrought, there is no Policy

Comparable to lying, and therefore I'll lye.

And tell lyes in this corner abundantly;

That is, counterfeit a Passion for my dear *Honorio*.

*Cic.* Poor Girl! thy Passion made a better choice,

Than my too avaricious care; *Garbato's* love

Might have made thee more happy.

*Cla.* This makes for *Arabella*.

*Cic.* But Poverty's no Virtue doubting Fool.

*Bug.* And blind Coxcomb to boot.

*Cic.* 'Tis good.

Since Manners are uncertain, we make sure

Of Gold, a Mineral that will endure.

*Cla.* How small a time can age be generous!

But 'tis not strange; old Men are near the Grave.

And therefore care not how much earth they have.

*Bug.* Your Daughter's full of grief, you would do well  
To comfort her.

*Cic.* If I could find her, this Rogue *Furfante's*  
Still out oth' way, and I dare not call, for fear  
Of discovering my imperfections.

*Bug.* Sir you forget, your Daughter sits yonder  
The most forlorn.

*Cic.* I



*Cic.* I see her well enough, but she's a counterfeit.

*Bug.* The liker her Father.

*Cic.* And tho' she feigns a grief; loves secretly *Garbato*.

*Fur.* I may cry my Eyes out for him, a loving Father I have. [whines]

*Cic.* *Arabella*.

*Fur.* Sir.

*Cic.* So I'll follow the voice; it came from Yonder Corner, she's not here. [Furante removes.]

*Bug.* How the blind Man's puzzled?

*Cic.* Why *Arabella*.

*Fur.* Your pleasure Sir.

*Cic.* My Ears 'have fail'd, she's at th' other end,  
I'll call her to me, and save my credit yet,  
Must I call twenty times? why come you not?

} *Furante goes to him with his Female*  
} *side towards him, and Cicco feels him.*

*Bug.* Sure this Man has suffered a mutation of Sense, his Eyes see, and his fingers see.

*Cl.* These Rogues make sport able to kill the Weeping Philosopher with laughter.

*Cic.* Poor *Arabella*, come forget him Child.

*Fur.* No sooner forc'd my heart to obedience Sir,  
Begin to love him, but I must lose him, oh how.

*Cic.* This is not altogether counterfeit,  
For she has alter'd much her voice with grieving,  
As your obedience did first force your love  
To this inconstant Man, so my commands  
Do now require a change, forget him Girl.

*Cl.* This will be happy news to *Arabella*,  
Could I but find her out, I shall go near it.

[Exit.]

*Cic.* My *Arabella*, what still blabbering?

*Fur.* Good sweet honey Mistress, you'll forgive me Mr.

*Cic.* That Villain was here all this while.

I shall requite him. *Furante*.

*Fur.* Sir.

*Cic.* VWhere:

*Cir.* Where stands my Daughter now?

*Fur.* Alas she's gone weeping to her Chamber.

*Cir.* There let her tears discharge her grief,  
But Rogue I shall make you more diligent.

Come lead me in.

[pulls him by the ears.]

*Fur.* Oh pray sweet, good Sir.

*Bug.* These lyes were carryed off with Gallantry,  
The Management dilates my spleen, but  
I'll not leave him thus, he's so excellent  
A Subject for my brains to work on.

[Exit.]

### Scena Quinta.

*Amante.*

*Aman.* My Clara's gone, and I must never more  
Expect to see those beauteous Eyes again,  
Nor from the rays of her Divinity  
Receive one comfortable beam.

*Enter Clara.*

*Cl.* 'Tis *Amante*, I'll listen nearer.

*Aman.* She's gone for ever, and I've nothing left  
But her poor airy name to dore upon;  
Could Heaven be so mercilefs as to punish  
With such severity one slip of Love?  
Yet sure 'tis just since I did falsifie  
My Vows to th' first, I for the second dye.

*Cl.* I cannot apprehend this second love;  
*Constantia* was his first.

*Aman.* But wherefore she, she who was so guiltless  
Of all my Crimes should want a Monument,  
Be lost to all Posterity, I apprehend not.

*Cl.* All this discourse, is still beyond my reach.

*Aman.* Yet blessed Clara, wheresoe'er thou art,

Thou

Thou hast a Noble shrine within this breast.

[*he lies down.*]

*Cl.* The riddle's now explain'd, 'tis me he loves.  
For when I took this shape, 'twas given out  
(By my command) that I was dead, but how,  
Or where conceal'd; yet it seems strange  
That I should prove the cause of his Revolt.  
VVho ne're was yet belov'd; perhaps his Vow's  
Directed to some other of my name;  
I wish it were, I'll satisfy howe're my  
Curiosity: ho! Signior *Amante*, ho!  
He's in an Extasie, or else asleep.  
Signior *Amante*.

*Amant.* Ha! Thou blest Idea, and divinest form  
Of that fair Maid my soul ador'd,  
Instruct me where to find her Sepulchre.

*Cl.* He takes me sure for Deaths Embassadour  
I understand you not, nor know I her.

*Amant.* Do not disguise your message, for I know  
Y're sent by *Clara*, on some blest errand.

*Cl.* Ple humour him, it may have good effect.  
Sir 'tis most true I am by *Clara* sent,  
VVhose restless soul wanders without content,  
Because your Passion does disturb her peace,  
If that you love her, you your flame will cease.  
Else she as cause must suffer in her urn  
For your inconstancy, therefore return  
To your first love.

[*Exit Clara.*]

*Amant.* Do I deprive my *Clara* of her bliss?  
VVretch, let thy Crimes accumulate thy torments  
Rather than injure her, but both's impossible.  
How can she be concern'd in my Revolt,  
That never knew my change? Heaven's too just  
She can but be an accidental cause,  
And if to cause such bad effects were sin,  
The Gods themselves are scarcely Innocent.

[*Exit.*]

Scena

## Scena Sexta.

Strega, Sanco-panco, Riccamare, Garbato.

Streg. Sanco-panco.

Sanc. VVhat would your worship forsooth?

Streg. Set the Gentlemen some stools Sanco.

Gar. Does not thy Stomach begin to wamble?  
And Rowl like a Ship in a storm?

Ric. Thou art too curious, she's rich, and I can  
Digest a few imperfections.

Gar. As the chattering of her chops like a new beaten  
Ape, which, together with the salivation  
Of her Nose, makes her kils as moist, as a  
Young Girl, that licks her Lips after stew'd Prunes.

Ric. Thou art a sworn enemy to old Women.

Gar. Mark that Cough: She has had it ever since  
The cold she got in *Nebuchadnezzars* days,  
Doing homage to the Golden Image.

Streg. Gentlemen be pleas'd to seat your selves.

Gar. She straines a complement, as if she were  
Costive upon a close stool.

Ric. Peace Infidel, Thy whineling Courtship  
To *Arabella*, is ten times more ridiculous.

{ They all seat themselves and Streg.  
Sings in a Wicker-Chaire.

Streg. Gentlemen, the observation of my younger  
Days has instructed me from time to time  
In the politick secrets of nuptial conjunction,  
And of seven Husbands (heaven be prais'd)  
I've buryed in my days, I found but one  
That lov'd me for my self, Gallants, I  
Mean for my well-favouredness, and this Man  
Was my first, the other Six pretended Love,

But



But doted on my wealth: Now as my first  
 Did love for youth, and favour, my last must  
 Love for age, and comeliness of mind, I mean  
 Wisdom, and Experience.

*Ric.* I am the Man that wou'd so love, and from  
 Each antique part of venerable age,  
 Make youthful pleasures spring joyes of mind.  
 Th' older the Body, and the more decay'd,  
 The soul's more youthful still and vigorous.  
 For as a Tenement that's held by time  
 Whose Walls and Roofes are half consum'd by age  
 Enjoys a freer influence of the Sun  
 Than Towers newly built, or modern Caves,  
 So you participate the knowledg of---

*Gar.* Making May Butter.

*Ric.* So you participate the knowledg of---

*Gar.* The wonderful use of a dry dogs-turd.

*Ric.* Pox on thee, peace, the knowledg of---

*Gar.* Stewing Prunes, and Munching Marmalade.

*Ric.* A Pox confound thee, the knowledg of---  
 The superiour Powers.

*Gar.* A rare speech in commendation of---

*Arabian Mummy.*

*Streg.* Sir I perceive your affection, and how directed  
 The right way to knowledg and experience.  
 Your discretion therein, I must tell you, takes  
 Me much--uh uh hu---very much uh hu hu---  
 Give me a stick of liquorish uh hu uh hu  
 When you have seen my five imperfections---

*Gar.* I believe one may see the Devil, with less horror.

*Streg.* And like me then, I sha'n't be hard hearted.

*Ric.* I long for tryal like a teeming Wench  
 In an Orchard. Your imperfections will at  
 Worst appear like foyles to set off  
 The luster of your soul.

*Streg.* You speak bravely, and I hope will like me,  
 I'll give you this encouragement, above my

Other Suitors, I like you.

*Gar.* Better than Heaven, by the haste you make there.

*Streg.* And as a secret in your ear, I am better  
Worth than twenty thousand Crowns per annum,  
Besides some Bags in a Corner.

*Ric.* I value your self only, and hope ---

*Gar.* She'll dye, and make you her sole Executor.

*Streg.* *Sanco*, fetch my dressing Table, and Boxes.

*Gar.* Sure she meanes to lay her Carcass out in  
Parcels, and dispose her Limbs in Legacies;  
Or having boxed them severally, indorse  
Them to her loving Kinsmen thrice  
Removed. But her impliments are come.

*Ric.* Prithce leave fooling and observe.

*Gar.* How she's set together, as if she mov'd  
By Wires, or Clockworks.

*Streg.* How do you like me now?

*{She pulls off  
her Eye-brows.*

*Ric.* How shou'd I like you less, for want of  
Such an idle excrement?

*Streg.* Put them in their right Box *Sanco*.

*Sanco.* I'll case them most exactly.

*Gar.* And send them to *France* for a Pattern  
That the Mode may pass into *England*.

*Streg.* Giv me your opinion now.

*[pulls out an Eye]*

*Ric.* VWhere the soul has such a subtil knowledge  
To discern, there needs no corporal light.

*Gar.* Now wou'd she look like the figure of  
*Homer* scanning of Verses, if her Beard  
VWere but half so venerable.

*Streg.* VWhere's my Eye-Box *Sanco*?

*Gar.* 'Tis but a blind Eye that cannot  
Hit its own Box: how dost like her?

*Ric.* As I wou'd like a Treasure on a Dunghill,  
I endure the stench o'th' one, for the lucre  
Of the other.

*Streg.* Now view my third imperfection.

*{Spulls out her  
Teeth.*

*Gar.* She'll

*Gar.* She'll be sure to kiss soft, and thou  
May'st venter thy Fingers in her Mouth  
Safely.

*Streg.* This is my fourth, consider't well. *pulls off  
her hair.*

*Ric.* This will never be seen in a Night-gear.  
Besides 'tis a charitable age, we frequently  
Borrow hair of one another.

*Gar.* But art in earnest? ha?

*Ric.* She's sufficiently ugly, but still I pray with  
The Man, that was carried away by the  
Devil, God bless us from worse.

*Gar.* On my Conscience he'll go through stich  
And learn by her face to Picture deformity.

*Ric.* Now for her last.

*Gar.* VVhich he expects with as much curiosity  
As a Court Lady th' arrival of a new Gown  
From *Paris*.

*Streg.* *Sanco*, help to untie.

*Gar.* In the name of ugliness, what will she draw  
From those parts?

*Ric.* 'Tis beyond the VVir of Man to imagine.  
Look *Garbata*, -- Look.

*Gar.* Remember she's rich.

*Ric.* The Devil take her and her riches too: Marry  
A Stump, a VVooden Leg? I'll have flesh  
Tho' ne're so ugly -- Come away.

*Gar.* Thou wilt not leave her thus.

*Ric.* Dost think I'll ingender with Bedstaves  
And beget a generation of Scourg-sticks?  
I'll see her whip'd first, 'tis penance enough  
To look on her, Don *Belzebub* shall  
Marry her for me.

*Streg.* Are all my pains come to this? The time may  
Come, a rich Widow may be in more reverence,  
I warrant he's an Elder Brother, by his ill

Breeding, and lets Wit.

*Sanc.* No he's a younger Brother forsoth.

*Streg.* A younger Brother! then am I at my last  
Prayers, and may dye without my eighth Husband;  
And what a lamentable misfortune that will be,  
Let all venerable Damsels consider --  
Come *Sanco*, lead me in, and as we go  
Let's both together sing fortune's my foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Clara, Arabella.

*Cl.* I Hope you will applaud my diligence.

*Ara.* Thou'rt fit to be great Loves Embassador  
So well thou hast manag'd this affair,

First to perswade *Honorio* cease his claim,  
And then to bring me such a just account  
How things succeed at home --

What more could I expect, or thou perform?

*Cl.* My duty Madam did oblige this service.  
She little guesses at my interest,  
Which add the Wings to diligence her self.

*Ara.* *Garbato* will be ravish'd with this news;  
Dear Boy, how shall I recompence this service?

*Cl.* Your acknowledgments are prodigal rewards;  
But Madam if you will enlarge your bounty,  
By giving me leave to attend *Honorio*,  
I shall have cause to bleis your service.

*Ara.* Why Boy? will that so much advantage thee?

*Cl.* Make me for ever Lady -- for he fancies  
Some kind of small resemblance in this face  
To your bright beaurty; weeds resemble flowers,  
And have their use, and virtues too, so I

May



May palliate this Lovers misery.

*Ara.* Had'st thou a Sex more suiting to thy face,  
Thou might'st effect a perfect cure. Methinks  
(If I forget not my own form,) there is  
Enough resemblance for a Lovers flame  
To feed upon.

*Cl.* Madam I wish there were --

*Ara.* Another Sex.

*Cl.* No Madam, more resemblance.

*Ara.* That wish alone were foolish, and must end  
In a cold friendship, which soon brings disgust.  
Thou could'st not marry him.

*Cl.* It should be much against my will then. *(aside)*  
Yet I could live with him, and please his fancy  
In all the pleasures of true Love.

*Ara.* That's not done in a long Boy; thou'dst come short.

*Cl.* I mean I'de serve him with more fidelity  
Than any Woman could (except my self) *(aside)*  
For I would make it my happiness to please him,  
And share a double part of all his griefs.

*Ara.* Thou would'st be wondrous kind.

*Cl.* As your fair self to Signior Garbato.

*Ara.* 'Tis pity to divide such love, yet for both  
Your sakes, I wish thou wert a female.

*Cl.* I hope these breeches han't transform'd me. *(aside)*

*Enter Garbato and Riccamare.*

Here comes my Lord, Madam I'll take my leave.

*Ara.* Dear *Infortunio* I am loth to lose thee,  
Yet since *Honorio* prov'd so kind to me  
As to leave me to my choice, I'll let thee go,  
But take this Ring, and wear it for my sake.

*[Exit Clara.]*

My dear *Garbato* I have news  
Will raise thy soul to such a happiness,  
Thou'lt think thy self in Heaven.

*Gar.* Being in thy Company I am so.  
Yet I could wish your Uncles absence,

That

That I might participate your joys.

*Ara.* His presence is less welcome than storms  
Of rain in Harvest.

*Gar.* Speak softly, lest he hear you.

*Ara.* Oh, I could curse him!

*Gar.* Do't like a Politician then, and smile in his face.

*Ric.* Niece Arabella.

*Gar.* You must seem attentive, for he longs  
To tell you his adventure.

*Ric.* Were you at leisure I could give you a  
Description of the strangest piece of deformity.

*Ara.* I am ever at leisure to hear you.

*Gar.* How soon Women learn to dissemble?

*Ric.* You have seen Mother Shiptons Picture.

*Ara.* Before her Prophecies I think I have.

*Ric.* Just such a prognosticating Nose had this

Sucking Damsel I went to woo, she was

So young that she had not a natural

Tooth in her head.

*Ara.* He'll be as tedious now.

*Ric.* They're all Ivory, and those dy'd Saffron by

The contagion of her breath, the putrefaction

Whereof might breed a Plague (if the Wind

Sate right) as far as *Piemont*.

*Gar.* Thou hast as little kindness for an Old Woman

As a Hangman for a Thief, for like him thou

Wou'dst Murder the race thou desir'st to advance

Thy fortunes, and live by.

*Ric.* I'de as soon live in my Grandfirs vault, and

Keep Company with the Worms of my dead Ancestors.

*Gar.* I thought Riches wou'd have digested any imperfection.

*Ric.* Except hers, had it been a common ugliness--

*Gar.* As the Battery of the Nose in the French War.

*Ric.* Gold might have excus'd it.

*Gar.* Or say sh'd been as wry-mouth'd as a Plaster.

*Ric.* I wou'd have digested that too, and kiss her lips.

But to have a furred Mouth, with too much Nose,

Neither

Neither Eyes, nor Hair on her brows,  
 A Toothless chops, with bristled Chin,  
 A Pate as bald, as e're was seen,  
 With parchment hide, and timber Legs,  
 VVou'd make a Man forswear such Megs,

*Ara.* VVill he ne're have done? *(aside)*

*Gar.* I fear he has but begun yet.

*Ric.* Such accumulated imperfections did I never  
 Behold, 'they were beyond the Power of Gold  
 To qualifie.

*Gar.* Then you're quite out of conceit with Gold  
 And Old Women.

*Ric.* Not whilst the beauty of the Gold will balance  
 The ugliness of the VVoman.

*Gar.* Ha, ha, ha, we'll find you out a handsomer.  
 Come *Arabella*, I long to hear thy news.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Ric.* So they are got together, and think themselves  
 More happy than the Gods; but soft young Friend,  
 Since the wealthy hopes of this old VVidow  
 VVere Parents to my kindness, they being vanish'd  
 'Tis just my love expire into some new advantage  
 To my self, which I'll extract from their  
 Loves: The Plot begins to ripen.

*[Exit.]*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Clara, Amante following.*

*Amant.* Stay thou blest shape, *Amante* bids thee stop:  
 VVith what a flying Speed she makes away,  
 As if displeas'd I shou'd detain my *Clara*  
 So long in Torment by my fruitless passion.  
 Dear soul of my deceased love, but stay! *[kneels.]*  
 Some hold that Saints can't hear us when we pray.

*Then*

Then how shoud she poor Soul, who is in pain  
 For thy inconstancy? thy prayers are vain.  
 Yet since I cannot love her less, I'll try  
 To bear her punishment my self, and dye. [Exit.]

### Scena Tertia.

Cicco, Buggio, Furfante.

Cic. But is she so beautiful withal?

Bug. Fresh as *Aurora*, before the rising Sun.

Fur. *Cleopatra* was a Gypsie to her, and *Helen* a  
 Black Dowdy. I'll outlie him if possible.

Cic. So fair, and rich?

Bug. Richer than *Cresus*, she spends more in a year  
 Than his Catholick Majesty has been cozen'd of  
 Since the first discovery of *America*.

Fur. This is nothing Sir, they say that Gold is more  
 Plentiful with her than Mackarel in their  
 Season, or Cherries at a Cranial a pound.

Bug. He'll outdo me in my own Art.

Cic. VVhy knew I not this sooner?

Fur. I thought your VVorships capering days  
 VVere done, and that you wou'd not have committed  
 Your grave head to the Matrimonial Noose  
 At these years.

Cic. At these years Knave! do I look so old?

Bug. Young as a stripling of eighteen.

Fur. Or a Cherry in *May*, you are green agen.

Cic. I think I am as fresh, and vigorous as

VVhen I went to School. (youth.

Bug. Y'are like the year Sir, and evry spring renew your

Fur. As Girles in *Rome*, their Maiden-heads.

But you have a Daughter Sir.

Cic. VVhat then? because she'll pine away with the  
 Sorrel sickness, and die for Love, must I not marry?

Bug. 'Twere



*Bug.* 'Twere pitty on your life else.

*Fur.* She grieves poor Lady, and sees no body.

*Cic.* She'll be less subject to temptation, I must  
Mind my own affairs first. *Enter Riccamare.*

*Ric.* Save you, good Brother.

*Cic.* Is he come to interrupt us -- dear *Euggio*  
Let's to th' Window.

*Ric.* VVhat have you found your Daughter yet?

*Bug.* Now are we lost, without a double brazen impudence.

*Cic.* Is he mad? found my Daughter! when was on W  
She lost?

*Ric.* Not lost!

*Bug.* He has certainly a design upon your VVidow,  
And would keep you off with a Tale  
Of your Daughter.

*Cic.* A Tale of a Tub, He hear none of't, I must  
Beg your pardon, I'm engag'd about a business  
VVhich concerns me nearly.

*Ric.* You'll hear of your Daughter first? *(Haste.)*

*Cic.* I hear of her too much, she's above weeping, but I am in  
*[Exit Cicco & Furante.]*

*Bug.* VVhat speedy wings does avarice bestow  
On creeping age! he flies that scarce could go. *[Exit]*

*Ric.* VVeeeping in her Chamber! 'tis strange, nay  
'Tis impossible, I left her but even now.

With *Garbato* plighting amorous Vows,  
His strange behaviour much amazes me.

I know not what to think, let's what to do,  
My whole design to supplant *Arabella*

And make my self as next a Kin, his heir, is lost.  
He's damn'd in his belief that she's above,

I'm in a mist, yet sometimes things appear  
At a great distance, when they're near at hand.

So painted Prospects do deceive the Eye  
And seems remote when on a flat they lie.

So may my fortune, I'll have th' other pluck  
If then I fail, by plague of ill luck. *[Exit]*

*Scene Fourth*

Honorio, Clara *and* Page, Constantia.

Hon. It was a little piece of charity  
To send thee back to be my Comforter.

Cl. I wish I were in my power, but for me  
Who am the very abstract of misfortune  
To undertake anothers grief, 'would prove  
Too great a madness, and too little love.

Con. Thou art deceiv'd, sorrows find most relief  
In stories like themselves.

Hon. Therefore dear Boy  
Impart this History, if it be set  
I will better suit our thoughts.

Cl. I am so young, you cannot well expect  
Various adventures from my Childish Love,  
Yet old enough for Loves severity,  
Who quickly found a passage to my heart,  
Which soon afford an object much too fair  
Not to be prepossess'd of things of value  
Are covet'd by all, and I soon found love  
Had preingag'd that heart to another,  
Which my soul languish'd for.

Con. Alas poor Boy!

Cl. Yet to this grief there did succeed a joy,  
For that heart being refus'd, I thence deriv'd  
A fresh, and lingring hope.

Hon. Why, that was well.

Cl. That seeming heaven did increase my torment  
For I by Nature bashful, had not then the courage  
To speak my Love; of which they're ignorant  
And I by consequence must always pine  
Unable to assist my own design.

Hon. Thy fate's severe, but tis thy folly Boy.

Which

Which makes it so?

*Const.* Love so confounds my little wit, I

My Mistress cannot tell if she would be mine.

*Cl.* And 'tis as much impossible for me

To express my flame, as 'tis for her to love:

But if you'd please to undertake my cause

I know it would succeed.

*Hon.* I cannot Boy, I've bound my self by Oath  
Never to speak of Love to Woman more.

*Cl.* As from your self, you still may speak for me.

*Con.* Dear Brother do, I pity his misfortune.

*Hon.* My vow was general concerning Love;  
But you are free *Const.*

*Con.* 'Tis not a thing for me to undertake,  
That always have in Love been so successles.

*Hon.* May we not know her name?

*Cl.* 'Tis not a Woman that I love,  
Yet ne a Man and these might prove,

If that our hearts don't but agree

As well in Sexes sympathetic.

*Hon.* This is a kind of a riddle.

*Cl.* But easily unfolded.

*Hon.* Trust me on unguessing will require some time;  
What sayes *Const.*

*Con.* My thoughts have been so taken up of late  
Twixt love and grief, that I have lost that art.

*Cl.* It is unworthy either of your thoughts.

*Hon.* The kindness of this Boy does puzzle me  
For either I mistake him or he loves me,  
In an extreame that misbecomes his Sex.  
It must be sure some Virgin in disguise.

*Cl.* I must confess you have discover'd me,  
But you who know so much of love your self. *Pro* *Constancia.*  
Know best to pity the extremes love has compell'd me to.

*Hon.* 'Tis evident, the riddle does import it,  
She loves no Woman, therefore loves a Man,  
And a Man who can't divine her Sex?

I'll set *Constantia* to discover all.

*Con.* In all I can, I will assist your love.  
But lest my Brother should unfold too soon  
Your Oracle, direct him with a song.

*The Deity of Love*  
I never shall be so far from you

Since he can't be  
So far, unjust as to wound me,

And leave my Mistress free;  
As if my flame could leave a print

Upon a heart of stone;  
Can flesh and blood

Be so converted into one,  
By my poor flame alone?

Were he a God, he'd neither be  
Partial to her, nor me,

But by a Darts  
Directed into eithers hearts

Make both so feel the smart,  
That being heated with his subtle fire

Our loves might make us feel but one desire.

*Hon.* How crav'ngly he look'd upon me now,  
As if he had a boon he shamd to ask.  
There's somewhat hid beneath that borrowed shape

I must know more of. *[Exit Honorio]*

*Con.* So, let him chew upon the riddle  
Till we have ripen'd our design.

But art thou sure *Amanie* dotes on thee?  
*Cl.* Am I sure when the Sun shines 'tis day?

*Con.* Then I'll renew my hopes, since his revolt  
Is to an object can't return him love.

*Cl.* Let's then assist each other in our loves,  
I'll use my art to make *Amanie* thine.

*Con.* The readiest way's to wed thee to *Honorio*.  
For when in thee his amorous hopes are dead,

He'll soon return to th' Love from whence he fled. *[Exeunt]*



## Scena Quinta.

Enter Honorio.

*Hon.* It shoud be *Clara*; yet she's too discreet  
To trust her modesty to that disguise,  
Yet she's a Woman, and moreover loves,  
And few are known Lovers, and wife at once,  
It must be she, and I the easie fool  
That gave her credit, she might feign the message,  
And make false use of *Arabella's* Name,  
If so I'me lost to her, and to her Father,  
My honour and my love destroy'd at once,  
One I may yet reprieve.

Enter Amante.

But see, *Amante*! that wound of fame gives  
No Precedency to lesser quarrells: then whilst *(drawing)*  
I prefer my honour, Love, take thou a Sepulcher.

*Aman.* Sure he intends some mischief to himself,  
Tho' I woud dye, Ple lend a helping Arm  
To save his life, hold, brave *Honorio*, hold,  
Let that reason which I want vanquish  
Thy Passion --- kill not thy self.

*Hon.* I do not find an inclination to it,  
Tho' life before was irksom, since I discern  
A fitter subject for my Enmity.

*Aman.* I scarcely understand you.

*Hon.* I shall explain my self.  
I drew to make you yield me satisfaction  
For that dear honour which my Sisters fears  
Compell'd me lose, when I shoud meeting you,  
To justify the injurious words I gave you.

*Aman.* Those Injurious words are forgot.

*Hon.* I can't forgive my Honour such a blot,  
In you 'tis noble to forgive, in me  
Shoud I accept, as great an Infamy.

Honour takes nothing when she's in arrears  
 Left what's meant kindness be miscall'd a fear.  
 Therefore *Amante* if you can afford  
 Me any favour, let it be your Sword.

*Aman.* As a Present take it; I dare rely  
 Your honour's too great security.  
 For me to doubt; or should you take this life  
 'Twould ease my grief, and finish all my strife.

*Hon.* My hand is furnish'd Sir, but if you'll part  
 More nobly with it, present it to my heart.

*Aman.* I'de rather wound my own, and by one blow  
 Destroy that Friend, whom you would make your foe.

*Hon.* If Friend unto my fame, you must confess  
 What I affirm'd was true, and ask my pardon.

*Aman.* If nothing less Sir, can appease your rage,  
 Than owning my self Coward, *Honorio*

Must excuse me; tho' I promis'd *Constantia*  
 To bear an injury beyond mans patience.

Fame never shall report a *VVomans* tears  
 Destroy'd *Amante's* honour.

I'de give my life, if live would satisfy;  
 But dare not Friendship with dishonour buy.

*Hon.* Then draw -

*Aman.* I do, and in as just a cause *(sings)*  
 As Power when she Executes by Laws.

*Hon.* Stay, to shew I don't delight in blood  
 I'll only urge my Sister might.

Return her love, and make but good her claim.  
 I'll own you by a Friends and Brothers name.

*Aman.* I can't alas consent, in *Clara's* grave  
 (Where e're it is) I have intomb'd my heart.

*Hon.* But what if she be still alive?

*Aman.* I'll love her till she be dispos'd of to another.

*Hon.* It must be *Clara* wending for my sister *(aside)*  
 In that disguise, if so, it lies in me

To marry her, and that may set him free  
 But then my *Arabella*! she may prove

Still

Still undispos'd, my first and dearest Love;  
I'll never hazard thee; I am resolv'd.

*Aman.* To fight.

*Hon.* Or basely be deny'd.

*Aman.* You shal' not find a Coward.

*Hon.* I believe it. Come on.

*Aman.* So you have drawn the first blood.

*Hon.* I see I have, shall we put up?

*Aman.* No Sir I can as little put up this

As you your Sisters injury; the Coward

Sticks here still.

So, we're on even terms, what say you now?

*Hon.* My Sister's unreveng'd.

*Aman.* I do renounce that quarrel as unjust.

And will at any time implore her pardon,

As I have often done. Sir you shall see

I can be noble in inconstancy. As for

The other slanders, I pronounce them

And their Author false.

*Hon.* These are but words.

*Aman.* You shall have deeds to testify I am no Coward,  
Nor asperser of a Ladies fame. *(sings)*

*Enter Clara, Constantia, and run between them.*

*Cl.* Hold; oh hold your hands.

*Con.* Employ your Swords on us, for that wou'd be

A greater kindness than severity.

It wou'd destroy our grief, as well as lives

Which in your dangers cruelly survives.

*Hon.* Good Sister give us way.

*Cl.* Madam be resolute, we'll rather fall

As Martyrs to prevent their Funeral.

*Con.* They shal' not constrain us to a misery,

If they will fight, let us agree to dye.

*Cl.* I am content.

*Con.* Prepare thy Ponyard then,

And in our courage let us vie with them. *(They hold their dag-*

*Aman.* Hold! you have unarm'd me quite. *(gets ready to strike.)*

*Hon.* And

*Hon.* And conquer'd me.

*Cla.* Then we may triumph in our Victory.

*Con.* Triumph! alas what comfort can we find?

Preserving Lovers to be still unkind.

*Cla.* Preserv'd them! no *Constantia* they bleed, and faint away.

*Con.* 'Tis too true; what's to be done? *[they fall down.]*

Each drop *Amante* sheds, draws from my heart.

A flood, nor is my soul much less concern'd.

For my dear Brother, oh my misery!

Nature, and Love, do equally contend,

VWhom shall I save my Brother, or my Friend?

*Cla.* Madam be comforted; this sacred stone

Has a choice Virtue to stop bleeding wounds,

And lend the blood back to th' distressed heart.

I'll try it on *Honorio*. *[She applies it.]*

*Hon.* Oh, ho.

*Cla.* See he revives.

*Con.* But poor *Amante* labours still beneath the

Pangs of death; oh lend it here.

*Cla.* Then will your Brother faint.

*Con.* Why let him perish rather than *Amante*.

*Cla.* *Honorio* perish! ah, how can you be

So cruel in your foolish charity?

To save a Man so false, and let a Brother

Dye, so good as my *Honorio*?

*Con.* Not thine, but *Arabella's*, *Clara*.

*Hon.* That sound was most Divine--- Dear *Arabella*!

*Aman.* What Angels voice pronounc'd fair *Clara's* name?

*Con.* A Wretch you once did love---

Open your Eyes and you at once may see

Your cruel *Clara*, and kind *Constancy*.

*Aman.* That beauteous form, is she then in disguise?

*Cla.* Believe her not, she only us'd this art,

To make your blood return into your heart.

I'me but her Brother Sir.

*Aman.* Then tell me, where

She lives; if dead, shew me her Sepulchre.

*Cla.* Within



*Cl.* Within a day, I'll shew her you ailve.

*Aman.* I'll strive to live upon that hope.

*Con.* They begin both to give good signs of a Recovery.

*Cl.* This wound seems almost clos'd;

Apply the Stone to him, there can't be found  
In Art, or Natures Treasury to good  
A stenching Medicine for a stream of blood.

*Hon.* It seems to me miraculous, I find  
It strengthens both the body and the mind.

How fares *Aman*?

*Aman.* Better to see my Friend so near his health.

*Hon.* I am now in Amity with all the World, and find  
(I praise the Gods) a sweet recess from love.

*Aman.* My thanks kind Youth, thou dost not only give  
Me life, but likewise a desire to live,  
By assuring me of *Clara's* recovery.

*Con.* Wretched *Constantia*, thou art never thought on.

*Cl.* Y'had best retire Sir, th' air is cold,  
And may offend your wounds.

*Hon.* I thank your care.  
Signior *Aman*te come, we'll now be Friends,  
Since eithers blood has made too large amends  
For all past injuries.

*Aman.* Here take my hand,  
And with't a heart devoted to your service:  
If you in any thing be disobey'd  
Impute the fault to love, and not t' *Aman*te.

*Con.* In ev'ry Truce of love I still must be  
Like one exempt! we are not to agree.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS

## ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Riccamare, Garbaro, Arabella.

**Gar.** **M** Ay we give credit to this happiness,  
Or do you only tempt us with a bliss,  
To try how soon we'll credit what we wish.

**Ara.** It seems unlikely, yet I'de fain believe.

**Ric.** What do you take me for, a Fabler, Niece?  
I did expect another kind of thanks.

**Ara.** Good Uncle be not angry, we thank you.

**Gar.** Our thanks but shame us Sir, there's none but you  
Could have oblig'd so much.

**Ric.** I did in truth compassionate your loves,  
And that compassion urg'd me to assist you.  
What pains I took, and how I press'd my Brothers  
By prayers, entreaties, and some slender reasons  
Before I could prevail, is not material:  
It is enough I compass'd my design.

He'll seem for the present enrag'd at the Match,  
And afterwards receive you into Grace,  
Which in effect's as good as a consent.

**Gar.** Y' have done a charity, becomes a Saint.  
Now Arabella you have no excuse,  
Your duty being late.

**Ara.** My blushes do consent, yet I wou'd fain  
Be blest before the Nuptial Rights.

**Ric.** By th' Priest you may; but Niece it is in vain,  
T' expect your Father's yet.

**Gar.** Be satisfy'd; I hope we sha'not long  
Be barr'd that happiness.

**Ric.** Not six hours I dare pass my word.  
**Ara.** If I transgress, it is upon your soere.

**Ric.** Make haste to Church, and here make all things sure.  
**Gar.** Never

*Gen.* Never went Lovers to that sacred place  
With a more innocent and pure flame. [Exit]

*Ant.* My Plot succeeds thus far, to my own wish,  
This Match must disinheret her for certain.  
And then stand I our houses Candidate.  
To seek my Brother, and to aggravate  
His Daughters Crime, that his misgovern'd rage  
May hear no reason, nor admit excuse;  
But like a *Bedlam*, furiously before  
She makes defence, may turn her out of dore. [Exit]

### *Scena Secunda.*

*Strega, Furfante, Sanco.*

*Streg.* From Signior *Acco*, say st thou honest Friend?

*Fur.* Yes forsooth, he's my Master, and a very proper Gentleman,  
Though I say it. (Gentleman)

*Streg.* Very likely, and he'd have leave to visit me, is't not so?

*Fur.* To kiss your hand, and vow himself your adorer.

*Streg.* O fine, he'll make a Saint of me.

*Fur.* He may --- for she has preserv'd her Carcass  
Ninety years beyond the course of Nature, and  
Kept it by a Miracle from stinking (aside)

*Streg.* Of what profession is thy Master Friend?

*Fur.* A Courtier forsooth, he has a good estate of  
His own, which he daily improves by a kind of  
Facility he has to beg any thing that comes  
In his way.

*Streg.* Belike then he's a very thriving Gentleman.

*Fur.* A most relentless Courtier, for he never designs  
Any thing, but he obtains it by his importunity.

*Sanc.* Have courage Mistress, there's life in a Muscle; if this  
Be not another sweet-heart, ne're trust a livery Prophet.

*Streg.* A sweet-heart! the word warms at heart  
Like a Cup of Muscadine, commend me to thy Master  
Heartily.

Heartily, and tell him that he shall be heartily, heartily  
 Welcome, with all my heart heartily.

*Fur.* A very hearty commendation. [Exit.]

*Streg.* What dost thou think *Sanco*?

*Sanc.* That your capering days are not done yet, you talk  
 Of your decays, and deformities, but if you have the grace  
 To keep them to your self, you'll pass well enough.  
 In a croud I warrant you.

*Streg.* Be like I had best change my Method, and make  
 No more discoveries of my imperfections.

*Sanc.* They'll discover themselves fast enough never fear it.  
 Alas forsooth you were born in a plain dealing Age,  
 When Men meant honestly, and Virgins were proud  
 To shew a handsome Leg; but now, no dissimulation,  
 No life. Every deformity is conceal'd, and every  
 Perfection set off to advantage.

*Streg.* As how good honest *Sanco*?

*Sanc.* Marry thus, a good Eye sparkles through a Vizard  
 Mask, whilst the bad features, and worse complexion  
 Lies conceal'd, good features are illustrated with  
 Counterfeit complexions, and good complexions heightened  
 With black Patches.

*Streg.* Thou art much improv'd *Sanco*?

*Sanc.* I have not altogether lost my time in your Worships.

*Streg.* Nay thou art a shrew'd clung pated Fellow,  
 I'll say that for thee

*Sanc.* I do pick, and glean now and then some small  
 Crums, and fragments of knowledg out of my continual  
 Observation.

*Streg.* Marry, and 'tis very discreetly done *Sanco*, when  
 I am marri'd thou shalt instruct me in the  
 Customs and fashions of the present Age, for belike  
 A Wife is quite another thing than what 'twas in my days.

*Sanc.* Marry is it Mistress, for then they stay'd at home  
 To entertain their honest Neighbours, now they  
 Gad abroad to be entertain'd by their Wild Gallants.  
 Then they took a Pride to be thought modest, now  
 'Tis their glory to be thought Modish, the World's

Turn'd



Turn'd upside down.

*Streg.* Dost think I shall ever learn to endure this fashion?

*Sanc.* A little use will make it as familiar to you as  
Taking of Fees to an old covetous Lawyer, or  
Killing to an unskilful Physician.

*Streg.* Then belike I may be brought to a Modish Lady again?

*Sanc.* As modish as if y<sup>e</sup> had travaill'd to *Paris* for  
Your Cloaths, or to *London* for a confident behaviour.

*Streg.* And they say your *London* Ladies are courtly indeed,  
*Sanc.* — But here comes the Gentleman.

*Enter Cicco, Furtante and Puggio.*

*Sanc.* Observe him warily Mistress, and seem the whilst  
To speak to me; my observation learn't that  
Trick of a Country Parson, who spoke to the  
Congregation, and fix'd his Eyes the whilst on a  
Handsome VVench.

*Cic.* Is she not a Miracle of Nature, what an Eye's there?

*Bug.* Brighter than the Ottoman Diamond, it fills the Room  
*Fur.* And him with darkness. (with luster.

*Bug.* Then for a Lip.

*Cic.* I observe that too; the Ruby thence receive its tincture:  
Oh but the pretty Mole!

*Bug.* Where Sir? I see none.

*Cic.* A pox on't, I must be prating still before  
My time, and shame my self.

*Bug.* I can't find that Mole, tho' I have survey'd  
Her face most critically.

*Cic.* I mean the form of her face, Nature form'd  
Hers, and *Venus's* in one Mould.

*Streg.* How he extols me *Sanc*? by my holy dame  
I have not been so complemented these forty years.

*Sanc.* I'me perswaded that your face, like fashions laid by  
Twenty years, begins to grow *a la mode*.

*Streg.* A very pretty observation.

*Sanc.* Old folks they say are twice Children, and you have  
Been old enough for that Proverb the'e twenty (prime.  
Years, so that by observation you shou'd be much about your

*Streg.*

*Streg.* And

*Streg.* And that may very well be.

*Sanc.* I believe your *Scitation* is nothing but the Rickets;  
And your ach in the jaws, breeding of teeth, which your  
Artificial ones hinder from cutting.

*Streg.* Then belike I may renew my youth agen,  
I am resolv'd to fling away these rotten Teeth  
And cut my Gums with munching loaf Sugar.

*Sanc.* You would do well to buy a Corral.

*Streg.* That is not to good, but I'll eat store of Rabbits  
Brains to make me tooth more easily.

*Cic.* I can observe no longer, for I discern such  
Excellence, I can't contain my self,  
I must speak to her.

*Fur.* If he cou'd find her out, but I'll assist him.

*Cic.* Fair *Strega*, and therefore the more fair because  
*Strega*, do not disdain the humble flame which spouts --

*Bug.* Which blazes --

*Cic.* VVhich blazes from a young Lovers heart.

*Streg.* I never was addicted much to scorn.

*Bug.* Now is the rest of his pen'd speech lost: and  
Our Lover in a brown study how to proceed.

*Cic.* If not to scorn, I hope to love.

*Bug.* VVell urg'd old Man how e'sc *extempore*.

*Streg.* Belike Love is a very comfortable thing,  
But it will require debate, if you please  
We'll walk in, and confer notes.

*Cic.* You cannot more oblige me. *[Exeunt.]*

*Fur.* His speech had like to have ruin'd all.

*Bug.* He would not be perswaded otherwise;  
Come lets in and share the mirth.

*Fur.* My old Master, cannot move without me. *[Exeunt.]*

### Scena Tertia.

Honorio, Constantia.

*Hon.* VVith what a strange, and yet mysterious art,  
Love

Love has intangled, and engag'd each heart  
 Yours to *Amanse*, to fair *Clara* his,  
 Hers unto me, what a strange Maze is this?  
 Mine was intangled too, but since got free  
 By a rash vow, dislikes that liberty,  
 Because it cruelly prevents thy peace,  
 And renders me unable to release  
*Amanse* from his flame, by wedding *Clara*.

*Con.* Ah that you would but so befriend my love!

*Hon.* I dare not think you with a happiness,  
 That I must purchase with so great a Crime.

*Con.* I would not have you sin, yet I'do fain be  
 Eas'd of this load of Love, and misery.  
 But is there no expedient, no just art  
 To break a Vow, which else must break my heart?  
 Not only mine, but loving *Clara's* too,  
 And that I'm confident won't much please you.

*Hon.* Not in the least; for I at present find  
 Such an indifferency to *Arabella*,  
 That I had rather oblige *Clara's* love,  
 And make *Amanse* capable of thine,  
 V'You'd my rash vow permit it.

*Con.* It is not better to dispense one Oath,  
 Than kill a Mistress and a Sister both;  
 V'When by two Sins you equally are prest,  
 It is a Virtue sure to chuse the least.

*Hon.* But I perceive no such Dilemma here;  
 I may preserve my Vow, and you your lives.

Enter Clara.

But *Clara* comes I dare not trust my self  
 Lest my Compassion shou'd destroy my Virtue.

[Exit Honors.]

Act II. Scene 2

Scene 2

*Scena Quarta.*

*Cl.* I fear your Rhetorick prevails but little  
To perswade his lover, since he avoids my presence.

*Con.* 'Tis altogether hopeles, he's so constant  
To that curs'd vow, there's no removing him.

*Cl.* We must find some evasion, some reservation.

*Con.* But where my *Clara*? you still cherish hope,  
Though you have nought in Prospect but despair.

*Cl.* That's the last passion love should entertain,  
Weigh but discreetly this perplexive vow,  
And the evasion won't seem difficult.

It was if I remember it but rightly,  
Never to speak of love to Woman more. (thence)

*Con.* It was, what shadow of hope can you derive from

*Cl.* A certain joy, if nothing else obstruct my happiness.

*Con.* Find an evasion for that curst resolve,  
And I'll assure your marriage.

*Cl.* Why let him keep his Vow religiously,  
And never speak of love to me, or any,  
I'll understand his signs, if he'll consent.

The Priest shall make us one. Besides *Constantia*  
He may write his love, that's not within his Oath.

*Con.* How dull was I, not to discern it sooner!  
'Tis evident, plain as the light, that shines,  
I'll straight convince him of it. [Exit.]

--- As *Clara* follows, *Amante* Enters, takes her by the hand  
and stops her.

*Scena Quinta.*

*Aman.* Though y<sup>e</sup> are still so cruel, and deaf to all my vows,  
Yet lend an ear to my sad sufferings.

*Cl.* The



*Cla.* The Lady that went hence suffers much more  
For you, than you can do for me.

*Aman.* Alas, I pity her!

*Cla.* I pity you;

But pity more your base inconstancy.

*Aman.* Impute that crime to love, and beauty Madam:  
Since they conspir'd to betray my heart.

To one far more deserving, now 'tis fixt.

*Cla.* Like to an exhalation, for a moment.

*Aman.* For ever Madam.

*Cla.* What hope of constancy can there be found  
In love, of which inconstancy's the ground?

What truth, when both alike must be untrue  
You in your change, and I in loving you? [*Exit.*]

*Aman.* She has struck me dumb, yet will not give me time  
To answer, or extenuate my Crime,  
Or if she had, I could make small defence,  
Guilt can but ill dispose with innocence.  
But I'll reform, and though I cannot gain  
Her love, her good opinion I'll obtain.  
Then let her know tho' once I went astray,  
Her brave reproofs has set me in the way. [*Exit.*]

### Scena Sexta.

*Garbato, Arabella.*

*Gar.* 'Tis a strange, solitary house this; None  
But an Old Woman to bid us welcome!

*Ara.* I don't like my Uncle's absence neither

*Gar.* That seems suspicious too: But I applaud  
However the design, since it obtain'd me such a happiness.

*Ara.* I must applaud it too, since 'tis my fate,  
Repentance after Marriage comes too late.

*Enter Riccamare, Cicco, Strega, Buggio, and Furfante.*  
But here my Father comes? I fear too soon.

*Gar.* Your Uncle with him too, may then we're safe.

*Ric.* What, are you senseless Sir? He has married a Beggar.

*Cic.* And I a Mine; 'twere a hard case if I could not  
Afford one Portion; set your heart at rest,  
I'm resolv'd to make this Day a Jubilee.

And I'll begin with my Daughter first, call her,

*Furfantie*, that I may forgive her.

*Ric.* Forgive her! is he possib? For you, than you can stibst?

*Fur.* Why Sir she's by you. *Awake! Alas! I pity her!*

*Cic.* How strangely I forget my self! oh love,

Love, how thou distractest youth! *Arabella!*

*Gar.* To him in this humour, and get a blessing.

*Ara.* I hope you are as ready to forgive as you were w<sup>om</sup>.

That I disobey'd you in my choice

I must confels, but 'twas not till the choice

You made abandon'd me, that very Minute

You design'd me his Wife.

*Cic.* Thou had'st more Wit I see than thy old Father,

I do forgive thee Girl, and hope thy Husband

Will make that out in love, he wants in fortune.

*Ric.* How riches alters some Mens tempers!

Oh! I cou'd curse!

*Gar.* My love I hope has been unquestionable,

And by so many Acts confirm'd, it needs

No farther proof, let it suffice I married

(On a bare promise of your favour Sir) for her

Own Merits, without least assurance of

Any Portion, which the fair Estate newly

Faln to me by an Uncles death might

Justly challenge.

*Ric.* He's rich too! a Curse on my design, they're

Both ways crost, in advantage, and revenge.

*Fur.* How th' old Man courts him now! before

Forgiveness was a favour. Signior Buggio

Your Cake's Dough.

*Bug.* I find I'm a very unprofitable calling.

*Fur.* It may be one day pay'd Sir with a basting.

*Bug.* Then will I make you my Receiver.

*Cic.* May the Heavens pour down blessing on you.

She shall not want a Portion.

*Gar.* Uncle I thank you for your kind design,

My Father will no doubt declare you his Heir.

*Ric.* Oh, they may laugh, that win.

*Gar.* Yhave

*Gar.* Y'have lost your fortunes both wayes, in a Wife, and an Inheritance.

*Ric.* Yet I'll not cry for the matter, except It be my Nieces pardon.

*Ara.* Alas, you never injur'd me.

*Ric.* In thought I did, for I design'd thy ruine, And cannot find an apter recompence, For having sought to disinherite thee, Than by th' addition for my poor fortune. I here adopt you mine, and when I dye, What I possess, is yours.

*Both.* You are too Noble.

*Streg.* If she be yours, Sir, I must salute her.

*Cic.* Do so good Wife, whilst I give directions For th' invitation of our VVedding Guests.

*Ara.* My duty shou'd have thrown me at your feet For your dear blessing Madam, had I known, Y'had been my Fathers choice.

*Streg.* How prettily she prattles *Sanco*!

*Sanc.* She call'd you Madam too in the Court dialect.

*Streg.* Dialect! prithee *Sanco* make me understand These fine words.

*Sanc.* I'll buy you a Dictionary forsooth, and that Shall teach you.

*Streg.* A very pretty Word, prithee let me have it.

*Cic.* Be sure none be forgotten.

*Fur.* I'll table them exactly.

*Cic.* Prithee *Buggio*, do thou assist him.

*Bug.* I shall Sir. Pray one Word --

(whispers.)

*Cic.* You mean my Daughter, but she's Dispos'd you see, but I've a Niece, a rich One for you.

*Fur.* Ha, ha, ha -- he has paid him in his own coyn, Lye, for lye.

*Cic.* Now let us in to entertain our Guests. This ought to be a double marriage feast.

[Exeunt.]

## Scena Septima.

Honorio, Amante.

*Hon.* I must avow, 'tis highly generous,  
But now such actions are not in request,  
I know your love to *Clara*, and suspect it  
A cunning Stratagem to sift my heart.

*Am.* Your thoughts of me *Honorio* are too mean:  
'Tis true I have been faulty in my Love,  
And made by beauty a too easie Conquest,  
But I have fortify'd my heart with Virtue,  
Both against *Clara's*, and all other Charms,  
Except these first, which in *Constantia*  
Surprized, and made a Conquest of my Love.

*Hon.* Let me adore thee, Friend. This noble Act  
Will canonize inconstancy, and make't a Virtue.

*Am.* I wish *Constantia* receive it so.

*Hon.* She'll be but too much joy'd, and so will *Clara*,  
For the kind resolve I've made on her behalf.  
See they appear to share the happiness.

*Am.* Turn not aside your face, for I'm become,  
Loves penitent, y' have wrought a perfect cure,  
And by your reproof my inconstancy taught  
My Love steady Virtue.

*Cl.* I rejoyce in't.  
And shall be proud to perfect the good work,  
By joyning you to fair *Constantia*.

*Am.* Your Virtue shall dispose me.

*Cl.* Here *Constantia*, receive a convert to your Love. Nay,  
Neither blush nor doubt, he's proof I warrant you.

*Hon.* Against the World.

*Am.* No beauty now, but yours has power to charm me.

*Hon.* May the Gods still encrease your happiness.

*Con.* I dare believe you. My Joys now are perfect,

And



And so shall thine be *Clara*, lend's thy hand,  
I here Dispose thee to *Honorio*;

Love him, he's a Gentleman deserves it.

*Cl.* Y'are my Noblest Parent, and have given me  
A fresh life of happiness.

*Hon.* Now all is as it shou'd be, but methinks,  
*Constantia*, you presum'd too much to dispose

*Clara* without her own consent.

*Cl.* She knew my heart had done it long before.

*Hon.* Then nought remains, but that we lead to Church,  
And there confirm our joyes by sacred Rites,  
Love Joyns our hearts, but 'tis the Church Unites.

*Am.* I must implore *Constantia's* pardon first;  
For my so long revolt.

*Con.* Y'are to me in your return more welcome,  
Than Reprieves to Malefactors that despair of life.

*Hon.* Say no more, I dare assure your pardon, Love still  
Prepares our Joyes with bitterness, to make us  
Relish them with more delight:  
By inconstancy, deluded hopes, and fears,  
The wish'd fruition he at length endears.

*Am.* Y'are strangely merciful.

*Enter Buggio, Furfante.*

*Hon.* But who are these?

*Am.* Sure one is *Buggio*.

*Hon.* That fatal cause of all our difference?

*Am.* He is not worth this heat-- let's observe him.

*Fur.* Thou art so whimsical, I tell thee I'll abuse  
My Master no longer. Tho' he be blind, my Mistress has one eye.

*Bug.* Do me this kindness then, say I have lost my memory.

*Fur.* Do you think I'll tell a lye?

*Bug.* 'Tis not the first.

*Fur.* Not by a thousand. But to tell a lye without  
Design, or profit, goes against my conscience.

*Bug.* I must bribe the Rascal, for now *Honorio*, and

*Amante* are friends, I perceive a basting coming

Towards me, unless I can maintain a loss

Of.

Of memory, come *Furante*, prithee be honest!

*Fur.* Yes and tell a lie *grace*, I thank you heartily.

*Bug.* Come here's a Crown.

*Fur.* VVell, it is for love of thee, and this.

*Hon.* VVe hear nothing, prithee let's advance,

I must be upon that Rascals bones.

*Am.* Stay, his Companion makes towards us.

*Fur.* Signior *Cicco* lately married to the rich VVidow.

*Strega*, desires all your Companies at his Wedding supper.

*Hon.* Married! sure this is coupling time why we

Are going to perform that Ceremony, and then

We'll wait upon him.

*Am.* It falls out happily since we are so unprovided

For the solemnity.

*Com.* They'll be a rare Comedy of Mirth.

*Cla.* Rather a Masquerade by their odd antique dress.

*Hon.* Or a French Farce for th' extravagancy of

Their humours, the old man conceales his

Infirmities, and she takes a Pride in

Manifesting hers.

*Am.* This is a strange Fellow, he'll neither know me,

Nor you, nor any injury he did us.

*Hon.* I shall revive his memory.

*Am.* Be patient dear *Honorio*, your anger here

Is thrown away.

*Fur.* I can assure you Sir he has lost his

Memory above these ten years.

*Hon.* How Slave will you help a' outface us too?

Did not I see him within these too days?

And speak with him? this is an impudence

Beyond Imagination.

*Fur.* If y' had seen him within this hour, he can no

More remember you, than the moment he was born.

*Am.* Nay, prithee *Honorio*.

*Bug.* Pray be not angry Gentlemen, I have travelled

Far, it may be I had the honour of your

Acquaintance in *Peru*, *Cassai*, *Masfar*, or *Mexico*,

Or

Or some Clime more remote, I have a brief head  
And a short memory.

*Fur.* A very short head Sir, he can't remember that  
He told a truth in all his life.

*Bug.* VVhy Rogue, *Furfante*?

*Hon.* This Fellow would be kill'd.

*Am.* Or rather kick'd, but he's a punishment  
Sufficient to himself.

*Con.* You must forgive him, 'tis a day of Joy.

*Hon.* Upon Condition he'll ne're tell ye more,  
I am content.

*Am.* That's the next way to make him  
He'll ne're keep Covenant.

*Hon.* I'll make him tell a truth then, did not  
You tell me, like a Rascal, that *Amante*  
Had divulged my Sister was unchaste?

*Bug.* *Que diete vous Monsieur.*

*Hon.* That trick shan't serve you Sirrah, answer  
Me directly, and in your own language, or---

*Bug.* 'Tis very true Sir.

*Am.* VVhat's true Rascal, did ever I divulge that scandal?

*Bug.* Not as I remember.

*Hon.* Then 'tis very false Rogue.

*Am.* How're 'has sham'd the Devil once.

*Con.* The injury concern'd me most, I pray forgive him.

*Bug.* A Noble Lady, I'll never lie agen,  
But in thy commendations.

*Hon.* May he deserve your mercy. Now to Church:  
But stay what Musick's this?

*Enter Cicco, Strega with Musick, Garbato, Arabella  
following.*

*Am.* As I live, th' old couple revelling upon the Piana.

*Hon.* What a mischief 'tis we are not married now,  
That we might Dance.

*Am.* A frisk or too before, will do no harm.

*A Dance.**Which done they  
wish them joy.*

*Cic.* I thank you Gentlemen,  
And hope e're long to wish like joy to you.

*Hon.* 'Twill not be much unseasonable now  
For we are marching to find out the Priest.

*Cic.* I've one at home shall save you all that labour,  
And a slight Supper you shall be welcome to.

*Con.* We had not best refuse the old Mans kindness,  
VVe shall fare worse at home.

*Am.* Oh by no means; since fortune made us meet  
Thus happily, we'll celebrate this Night to  
Gawdy *Hymen* in a leash of Marriages.

*Gar.* Pray let us fill the Mese.

*Am.* I beg your pardon Friend, I believ'd yours  
Past the celebration.

*Cic.* But not the consummation.

*Hon.* Every thing in its proper season Sir. Love once  
Propos'd me Madam for your Bridegroom,  
But your commands dismiss'd my happiness.

*Ara.* I must acknowledg mine your generous gift.

*Hon.* Fortune has made some reparation here.

*Ara.* May you be happier in this Ladies love,  
Than possibly you cou'd have been in mine.

*cla.* So kind a wish deserves my best acknowledgmen't.

*Hon.* VVe Truant it too long, let's now make hast  
To compleat all our joys.

You're now my lot, though not at first design'd,  
Fortune, and Love, dispose of all mankind.

F I N I S.





# EPILOGUE.

**A**S in Religion much less time is spent  
In practice, than debate, and argument:  
So fares it now with Wit, for that is grown  
The troublesome dispute of half the Town;  
All have it in their Mouths, tho' few or none  
Produce a Piece of true Wit all their own:  
Some steal, some buy, and others borrow it,  
And when all's done, 'twill hardly pass for Wit,  
Unless they form a faction, and engage  
(As Bessus did) the Brothers of the Stage,  
To give it under hand and seal, that they  
Approve the Plot and Language of the Play;  
How then should our unknown have any hopes  
His Play should pass, who wanted all these props?  
He neither had advice, nor Critick Friend  
To shew him where he fail'd, or how to mend;  
Nor did he use the Poets common Art,  
To repeat Scenes at th' Coffee-house by heart;  
Nor half a year before the Play came forth,  
By lending it anticipate its worth;  
And by that juggling trust oblige each Wit  
To justify his Compliment it's Fit.  
No, this came quite a stranger to your view,  
And he that writ it means to be so too,  
Till your applause have made him free o'th Trade,  
And then perhaps he'll quit his Masquerade.